

The Northfield Press

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NORTHFIELD, MASS., FEBRUARY 25, 1910.

PRICE FIVE CENTS



From Sumter to Appomatox An Illustrated Lecture With Graphic Descriptions and Story of **The Civil War**

TOWN HALL, Northfield

Wednesday Evening, March 2

Admission 25-Cts. Children 15 Cts.

Benefit of S. of V. Building fund

Tickets for sale at A. W. Proctor's Clothing Store

WOOD, GATES & CO.

Harry C. Gates, Sole Owner and Proprietor

We are advertising in the PRESS because we have merchandise worth advertising. We want more of the Northfield trade. We can serve you well. We want you to send to us for samples of any thing you need in the Dry Goods line.

We are showing a beautiful line of Dress Goods. Silks, Ginghams, Percales, White Goods, Curtain Muslins, etc.

Our \$1.98 White Shirt Wrist can't be beat. It's a dandy.

WE SELL CARPETS. You can buy a Lowell Ingrain Carpet of us for 65 cents a yard, a price that makes our competitors squirm some.

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A good class of Driving and Saddle Horses
UP-TO-DATE TEAMS OF ALL
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Passenger Team and Baggage
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Main Street, Northfield
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TELEPHONE CONNECTION

Spring is Coming

We have a large line
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Shirt Waists
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Reasonable Prices

Which we shall be
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NOW is the time
To Buy

Robbins & Evans
EAST NORTHFIELD

A. W. PROCTOR

What about that fur coat
which you promised yourself
this winter?

Only a few left and those
marked very low.

We still have an excellent
line of the famous "Furfelt"
warm shoes for men, women
and children, wool fleece lined,
lamb lined, felt soles etc.
very warm and comfortable,
and the Price reduced 20 per
cent. from regular.

Suits and overcoats that fit
not only the wearer but the
pocket book as well.

Rubber goods in every conceivable style.

The Manufacturer's Price
on these goods has advanced
over 14 per cent., but our
Prices are Practically unchanged,
goods were bought early
and you get the benefit.

Remember we sell Horse
Blankets, Robes and Harness.
Harness Repairing neatly
and promptly done,

A. W. PROCTOR
PROCTOR BLOCK
NORTHFIELD

Easter Post Cards
March Magazines
NORTHFIELD, PRESS
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Northfield News

Alfred Kitchen has been visiting Frank Holton.

The Grange has purchased a piano for Grange Hall in Floral Cottage.]

Miss Martha Hall has returned after spending the winter at Athol.

Mr. Jillson and Mr. Kimball of Gardner spent Sunday with Northfield friends.

Miss Guggenheimer has been visiting her sister, Mrs. George Mason.

March records of Columbia graphophone are now to be heard at the PRESS office.

Columbia records for March on sale at the PRESS office. Come and hear them.

A good number of guests were registered at the Northfield over Washington's Birthday.

Miss Sarah Callahan of Turners Falls was the guest of Miss Madeline Lay over Sunday.

The Unitarian Alliance will meet next Wednesday with Miss Minot. Subject, The Church of Today.

The net receipts of the Unitarian fair last week, in spite of the bad weather, were \$130.

Mrs. Bertha Pierce of Pittsfield has been visiting her mother Mrs. Nellie Dresser.

Leon Whitmore of Greenfield spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Whitmore.

About 60 girls and a number of teachers took advantage of the holiday on Tuesday to go home for Sunday also.

Special meeting of the Grange tonight, when the 3d and 4th degrees will be conferred on a class of 8.

Ralph Doane of Springfield came up on Monday to visit his father and take in the minstrel show Tuesday evening.

Mrs. C. S. Phillbrick of West Somerville, Mass., mother of Dr. Phillbrick, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Warner.

Bargains in stationery continued another week at the PRESS office, just to promote business these dull days. Every box new.

Word has been received of the death of Frank R. Stratton at his home in Fitchburg last Tuesday. Mr. Stratton at one time lived in Northfield.

Warren B. Spencer of Hinsdale, father of George and Frank Spencer, died last week, aged 92, and was buried on Saturday.

The Mothers' Meeting was held at Mrs. Fitts' last Wednesday. The subject was "Sowing Time," led by Mrs. Wm. C. Roberts.

E. F. Howard attended a session of the Franklin County union of school day superintendents at Greenfield last Saturday. "School Legislation" was discussed informally.

We are glad to print in another column a good letter from our good friend, Rev. D. M. Wilson, recently pastor of the Unitarian church here and now located in Kennebunk, Maine.

Entertainments in the different buildings were in order on Washington's Birthday. A lively basketball game between Marquand and Weston on Tuesday afternoon resulted in another victory for Marquand.

Thursday, March 3d, the Northfield Grange will serve an scalloped oyster supper from 6 to 8 o'clock, in the town hall, and the play "The Pursuit of the Parson" will be presented with the following cast:

Hon. Portia Blackstone, judge.

Mrs. T. R. Callender

Madam Elizabeth Kent-Coke,

Prosecuting attorney,

Mrs. F. H. Montague

Madam Tomasia Erskine,

Attorney for defendant.

Mrs. M. T. Moore

Dotty Develin, defendant.

Miss Gerda Huntoon

Clerk of the Court, Mrs. F. B. Estabrook

Sheriff.

Mrs. N. W. Keet

Witnesses for Commonwealth.

Miss Mehitabel Simpkins

Mrs. L. O. Clapp

Miss Nancy Ann Sims

Prof. Elvira Jones-Johnson

Miss Sarah Minot

Witnesses for Defendant.

Dr. Eleanor Ainsworth

Miss Dorothy Clapp

Miss Polly Posy

Prof. Dolly Dimple

Miss Mary Aldrich

Miss Bessie Dresser

The Sons of Veterans Auxiliary is planning to furnish dinner at the Town Hall next Monday, at a moderate charge.

Mrs. Eva Quinn of Keene, N. H., whose whistling was so well enjoyed at the minstrel show, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy on Parker avenue.

Jurymen for Northfield have been drawn as follows: D. Everett Lyman, grand juror for a year, and Fred. H. Doolittle, traverse juror for the March term.

C. M. Russell of the 16th Vermont Volunteers, Stannard's Brigade, will give an illustrated historical lecture in Town Hall, Wednesday evening, March 2, entitled "The Story of the Civil War from Sumter to Appomatox." Proceeds for benefit of S. of V. building fund.

MRS. CORNELIA WALKER

At the ripe age of 80 years all but three days, Mrs. Cornelia Walker passed away last Wednesday evening in her home on Highland Avenue.

She was the second child of Edwin and Betsey Holton Moody, whose 6th child was D. L. Moody. Her husband, Dr. J. Bigelow Walker, dentist, of Keene and later of Worcester, died in 1886. Mrs. Walker and family came to Northfield to live about 20 years ago. Her children, Mrs. Chas. (Lilla) Cheney of Brooklyn, Misses Hope and Julia Walker and S. E. Walker were all at her bedside at the end, also her granddaughter Mrs. Boardman and husband.

Mrs. Walker was beloved by a large circle of relatives and friends who found in her the best type of New England mother and housewife, always ready with good works and Christian sympathy, and one who grew old sweetly. The interment will take place today.

Seminary.

Mrs. Waterman, principal of North Adams Normal School, talked last Saturday on "The Organization of Rural Schools," to a class of girls who expect to become teachers.

Mr. Edwards of the Sailors' Bethel Vineyard Haven, led the meeting at Sage Chapel last Sunday evening, and gave an account of his work among sailors. Miss Ricka Cohn sang a solo.

The dates of the leading events of the summer season are set as follows: Northfield Seminary Commencement, June 11-14.

Camp Northfield, June 23-Sept. 1.

Student Conference, June 24-July 3.

Young Women's Conference, July 6-14.

Woman's Home Missionary Conference July 14-20.

Summer School for Sunday School Workers, July 15-22.

Summer School for Women's Foreign Missionary Societies, July 21-28.

General Conference of Christian Workers, August 4-21.

Post Conference Addresses, and Bible Lectures at the Northfield Schools, August 23-Oct. 1.

Basket ball game next Monday evening in Skinner Gymnasium under auspices of Boys' Brigade, Brattleboro Independents vs. Northfield. Admission 15 cents.

Miss Howell won first prize for costume at the Washington Birthday party at Mr. and Mrs. Lazelle's on Wednesday evening. She wore articles 100 years old. About 40 were present, of whom 20 were costumed, powered, etc. Readings and tableaux, a grand march and refreshments made a very enjoyable occasion. The group was photographed by Levering.

Northfield Farms.

Mrs. Nettie Gilbert has finished her school in Gill.

S. F. Alexander has been home for a few days the past week.

All are cordially invited to attend the chicken pie supper and dance at Union Hall at the Farms on March 1, for the benefit of the piano fund.

Thirty five people from the Farms enjoyed the Minstrel show at Northfield on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Jessie Alexander highly entertained a few of her friends to a Washington Birthday party at her home on Monday evening. The rooms were decorated with flags and the table was arranged artistically and attractively.

A fine supper of scalloped oysters, chicken, salads and cake and ice cream was served.

It was much enjoyed by all present.

Town Election

Because of an oversight on the part of those who usually are awake to the situation, it became known a few days ago that a change in the State Election Laws would prevent the usual party caucuses. Candidates for town offices are, therefore, before the people by reason of the circulation of nomination papers. So far as we could learn, the following are now in the field: For selectmen, (three) A. W. Proctor, Henry C. Holton, S. C. Holton, J. L. Hammond, F. L. Tyler, O. L. Leach; for town clerk, C. C. Stearns, W. J. Wright; for treasurer, C. E. Williams, W. J. Wright; for assessor, S. C. Holton, Frank Williams, F. W. Doane; for constable, F. W. Doane, F. H. Watson, D. L. Proctor, Geo. W. Ellison; for tax collector, M. T. Moore, Frank Williams, C. E. Leach, F. H. Watson; auditor, Walter Waite, C. E. Williams; for school committeeman, L. R. Smith, C. S. Warner, L. R. Alexander.

The dilemma arising from the change of law, is on the whole a good thing, as it gives the citizens a wider choice than that which usually results from the caucus system of nomination.

The 6th entertainment in the lecture course was given on Monday evening last in Stone Hall. Signor Giuseppe Vitale, violinist, was the special attraction, assisted by Miss Tillinghast, as pianist, and Mr. Hastings as reader. There was a good-sized audience, who appreciated an excellent program:

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
AND THE SATURDAY EVENING
POST want a man or woman in
NORTHFIELD and vicinity to look
after subscription renewals and to
forward new business. A guaranteed
weekly salary, the amount
depending on the work done, and
a commission on each order. Experience
unnecessary. Any one
can build up a permanent paying
business without capital. Complete
outfit and instructions free.
Agents' Division
The Curtis Publishing Company
225 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the song of the shirt.

So ran Hood's touching "Song of the Shirt."

The song told a story that was true. And, alas, in our day the sweatshops tell a like sad story!

But there is one place in this country where the song of the shirt is not sung in a dolorous pitch, where women do not sit in unwomanly rags, with eyelids heavy and red, nor in poverty, hunger and dirt.

That place is Bridgeton, N. J.

Casper Ware runs a shirt factory there, and the tune of the big establishment seems to be set to the strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March."

This year forty-one girls have been led from the factory to the marriage altar.

It is all Ware's fault.

What could you expect? How can girls help being happy and attractive when you run their sewing machines by electricity and have each machine set in front of a sunny, flower filled window?

When Ware decorates his factory with holly and mistletoe every Christmas, does he not encourage the mating spirit?

Then he pays his girls top wages and gives them a vacation on pay every year and keeps his factory spick and span and cozy. Does not this man deserve to lose his keepers?

But Ware doesn't care.

In fact, every time one of his girls weds he sees to it that the wedding march is rung on the town's big set of open chimies in the granite tower. And he gives every bride a wedding present.

He doesn't care. Because—

He has a heart in him, has Ware. And, besides, there is a big waiting list to choose from when one girl quits sewing on buttons for him and begins sewing buttons for a husband.

It is a sort of tradition in Bridgeton that when a young girl is graduated from high school she should take a finishing course in Ware's factory.

The man seems a sort of combined godfather, Cupid and Santa Claus.

That he should be a happy man goes without saying.

HINTS FOR FARMERS

The Dairy Barn.

The floor of any cow barn should be of cement in order to be absolutely sanitary. Many authorities advocate covering the cement directly under the cow with wood so as to do away with the coldness of the cement, which is undoubtedly a liberal conductor of both heat and cold.

An excellent plan is to have a shed about thirty-seven feet wide, facing the cows outward. This width permits a five foot alleyway in front of each cow, with a cement manger or cement feeding floor two feet six inches and standing space of about four feet ten inches to five feet, with gutters fourteen to eighteen inches wide, the remaining space being left for a driveway or alley behind the cows. This gives plenty of room to drive a wagon through, if desired, or to run a litter carrier.

The width of your cow stall should be from three feet three inches to three feet nine inches, according to the size of your cows. One should bear in mind that in building a dairy barn the secret of sanitation is to eliminate everything possible in the barn which will take up dust, filth, odors and germs.—Kimball's Dairy Farmer.

Quality In Cattle.

High class animals always have the most quality. It is shown in a fine, silky coat of hair, in a mellow, elastic skin and in fine bones and neat joints. There is lots of difference in the coat of hair. One cow may have hair that is fine and soft and thick. There is a very fine and close undercoat and then longer, coarser hair. Such hair is a great protection in winter. Other animals, and they are the most common, have coarse, long hair. Their bones are also likely to be big and coarse. When an animal has plenty of quality you can easily take the skin in the hand between thumb and fingers and pull it out from the side of the body. It will be mellow and roll up somewhat in the hand. If the cow lacks quality her skin will be thick, tight and not easily taken in the hand. Fine quality as seen in the hair, skin and bone means with the beef animal that when killed there will be much less waste of the carcass than if the conditions show lack of quality. So also the dairy cow with plenty of quality is a better producer of milk than if the quality is lacking.—C. S. Plumb, Ohio.

Feeding Dairy Cows.

Of the mistakes made in feeding dairy cattle perhaps the one of under-feeding is the more common. It is a very serious mistake to feed a cow only that required to keep her body and then not feed her enough in addition to produce what milk she can. If a cow declines in weight while giving milk it shows that she is not receiving sufficient food, as a cow if not fed enough will produce milk for a time at the expense of her body—that is, she will take the surplus flesh from her body and convert it into milk and thereby will lose in live weight. On the other hand, when a cow is being overfed it may be detected in a short time by the fact that she will put on flesh. This condition may be corrected by giving her only the amount she needs and will use for milk production. This means feeding enough to maintain practically a uniform weight.—C. H. Eckles, University of Missouri.

Feeding Horses In Winter.

To raise horses from suckling colts keep them going ahead. Never allow them to get a setback, as the first year's growth goes far in determining what the animal will be at maturity. After weaning the colt should be kept in a well bedded box stall, with plenty of light and ventilation. It should be allowed to take plenty of exercise in favorable weather. A good ration consisting of three quarts of oats and one of bran mixed with water and a little salt and molasses or oilmeal cake should be fed three times a day. Oats are exceedingly fine for making bone, and a healthy ration for laying on fat is an occasional feed of boiled barley. A little corn may be fed at noon at odd times also. A good fodder feed is six or seven pounds of clover and timothy hay mixed. This should be fed mornings and evenings and as much as the colt will consume.

Repairing Farm Machinery.

Repairs should be made systematically and, as far as possible, at times when work is not rushing. It is necessary to have some system in looking after the machines in order that when a machine is to be used it will be ready and in good repair. In putting a machine away after a season's work it is suggested that a note be made of the repairs needed. These notes may be written on tags and attached to the machine. During the winter the tool may be taken into the shop, with which every farm should be provided, and the machine put in first class shape, ready to be used upon short notice. It is often an advantage not only in the choice of time, but also in being able to give the implement agent plenty of time in which to obtain necessary parts.—Orange Judd Farmer.

OUR POOR LITTLE EARTH.

A Mere Speck Compared With Some of the Monster Suns.

The main facts of astronomy are highly interesting. It is only dry text books that have made us turn away from them. Read a good popular astronomy and you will gain a far, remote idea of infinity and eternity. Sometimes you think you see a big star, but you do not. You merely see the light from it which has been 2,500 years in reaching us.

Almost everybody knows that our earth is a third rate planet in our solar system. Jupiter would scarcely condescend to notice us. But they do not know that our sun itself sits below the salt. It would not be admitted to a congregation of important heavenly bodies. Canopus, the largest star that we see, is 10,000 times the size of our sun, and our solar center is hopelessly outclassed by Aldebaran, Rigel, Sirius, Betelgeuse and countless others.

Mark Twain put this fact very well in one of his stories, "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven." When the captain arrived and announced that he was from the earth the recording angels could not remember ever having heard of such a place before. One finally recalled that it was a poor little planet belonging to a poor little solar system away down in a dark corner of the heavens.—New York World.

A BRIGHT IDEA.

Unusual Sagacity That Was Lauded by the Professor.

That the proverbial absentminded professor is sometimes ably abetted by his wife is illustrated by a story told of Professor Bunsen. One evening about the usual hour for retiring he took it into his head to run over to the club just as he and madam were returning from an evening call.

"But," said the lady, "I must have the front door locked before I retire." This emergency staggered the professor, and as he looked bewildered at his wife the lady, seized with an inspiration, continued:

"I'll go in and lock the door and throw you the key from the window." This program was carried out, and when he reached the club the professor related the incident to a friend as evidence of his wife's unusual sagacity.

The friend greeted the story with a roar of laughter.

"And why, my dear professor," he said, "did you not simply admit your wife, lock the door from the outside and come away?"

"True," ejaculated the learned man of science, "we never thought of that." The climax of the incident was reached an hour later when, returning home, the professor discovered that the lady in her excitement had thrown out the wrong key.

How They Got Out.

Uncle Ephraim had two dogs, which he kept in a pen at the rear end of his little lot. They were of the "razor-back" variety, and, although they were fed bountifully with kitchen waste, it seemed impossible to put any fat on their attenuated frames. One morning when he went out to feed them they were not there. They had disappeared, leaving no clew to the manner in which they had made their escape.

"What's the matter, Uncle Eph?" inquired a neighbor, noticing the deep dejection with which the old man was looking down into the empty pen.

"My hawgs is done gone, sah," he answered.

"Stolen?"

"No, sah; I don't see no signs dat anybody tuck 'em."

"Did they climb out over the top?"

"No; dey couldn't 'a' done dat."

"How do you think they got away?"

"Well, sah," said Uncle Ephraim, "my 'pinion is dat dem hawgs kind o' raised deirselves up on alidge an' crope through a crack."—Youth's Companion.

Wonderful Memories.

We are told that Pascal never forgot anything he had seen, heard or thought. Avicenna could repeat by rote the entire Koran when he was ten years old, and Francis Suarez had the whole of St. Augustine in his memory. In three weeks Scaliger, the famous scholar, committed to memory every line of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." Another scholar, Justus Lipsius, offered to repeat the "Histories" of Tacitus without a mistake on forfeit of his life.

Writing For Money.

Fond Father—Yes, my boy at the varsity has written several articles for the magazines.

Friend—But he's not a professional writer, surely?

"What do you mean by 'professional'?"

"Why, he doesn't write for money?"

"Doesn't he? You ought to see some of his letters to me!"—Exchange.

Possibly True.

Mamma (to a friend who is lunching with her)—I don't know why it is, but I always eat more when we have company than when we're alone. Tommy (helping himself to the third piece of cake)—I know why it is; 'cause we have better things to eat.—Brooklyn Life.

THE KING'S GRANT.

By F. TOWNSEND SMITH.

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Henry VII., victor in the wars of the roses, having been crowned king of England, was about to march from Bosworth field to London to assume the government of the kingdom. He called to him young Wilfred Boyington, who had fought bravely during the battle, and said to him:

"There is an estate some twenty leagues from here that belonged to one of the staunchest adherents of our enemy and is therefore forfeit. Its owner, Sir Charles Beauchurst, lies dead yonder among the slain."

Then, directing the young man to kneel, the king laid his sword on his shoulder and said:

"Rise, Sir Wilfred, and take possession of this forfeited estate."

"Now?" asked the young man, astonished.

"Now if you like, but do not fail to join us before we march."

"And that is?"

"Tomorrow at cockcrow."

Furnished with a parchment signed and sealed by the king, Sir Wilfred rode to the Beauchurst estate. The recent owner's widow was so overcome by grief at her husband's death, of which she had just heard, that she could not see him. She therefore sent her daughter Ethelreda, a girl of nineteen and fair to look upon. Sir Wilfred showed her the king's grant. Beyond a shiver there was no indication of her feelings.

"The king's will is indisputable," she said calmly. "The estate is yours."

The young man was about to withdraw when the girl said to him:

"May it please you to inspect your estate?"

Sir Wilfred had no especial desire to see his new domain at that time, but to be shown about by this girl, whose presence affected him with a desire to know her better, was another matter. "I must join the king at dawn tomorrow," he said. "Meanwhile I would be pleased if you will show me as much of the estate as there is time to see."

The lady retired and presently appeared in the courtyard, where she mounted a horse that stood ready for her, and the two, followed by attendants, rode away to inspect the estate.

"The estate is very large," said Sir Wilfred after they had ridden miles in one direction.

"It is," she replied. "You possess a noble domain. It belonged to a Saxon baron and was given by the Conqueror to one of his adherents. I have always felt that an injustice was done which some day we would be called upon to expiate."

Sir Wilfred said nothing. These transfers from the weaker to the stronger were in those days common, and he had no idea of giving up so splendid an estate from any qualms of conscience. But he revered the innocence of the girl from whom he was to take it, thinking that if she desired to win him to decline it she should have taken him over a part of it, letting him believe that it was a small estate.

And still they rode on. The sun went down, but the full moon rose. Under the soft twin light of night and day Ethelreda was very beautiful. Sir Wilfred had no thought of turning back. To ride over an estate fit rather for a duke than a knight in company with so beautiful a companion was delightful. Once and only once he had evidence of the struggle going on within her. He caught a ray of moonlight reflected from a tear.

Men are less prone to realize their feelings than women. Sir Wilfred was falling in love, but he was not aware of it—at least he was not aware that he was falling in love with Ethelreda. He supposed he was enchanted by this splendid estate. So he rode, conscious only of a faint regret in his heart that he was to dispossess so gentle a being as she who rode beside him, but not a whit bent on resigning the property. Suddenly in passing through a hamlet a bell struck the hour of midnight.

Sir Wilfred was astonished. So happy had he been that when the bell began its strokes he supposed it would strike the hour of 9, when all good people were supposed to be in their homes. He drew rein suddenly.

"How far have we come from your castle?" he asked Ethelreda.

"Twenty leagues."

"Twenty leagues! And I rode twenty from the camp! Forty leagues! Heavens! Four hours to ride forty leagues! No horse will do it! I am ruined! The king will scorn my excuses!"

The last few words were a moan. "But you possess a fine estate," said Ethelreda.

"I would give it all for a horse capable of taking me back to camp by sunrise."

"Done!" said Ethelreda, throwing off her lethargy. "A knight cannot go back on his word. On a farm near by is the 'white horse,' the pride of our family, the fleetest in all the country around. Give up the king's grant and I will conduct you to his stable."

Sir Wilfred took out the parchment, hesitated but one moment, then tore it in pieces. Ethelreda put spurs to

her horse, and he followed her. She soon stopped at a barn and led forth a milk white steed. Sir Wilfred mounted him and went like the wind to camp, reaching it just as the troops were beginning to move.

Thus by an artifice of a young girl a fine estate was saved. But Sir Wilfred acquired it at last, for he could never forget the girl who had outwitted him, and as soon as he could get away he paid her a second visit and in time won her for his wife.

BYRON AND THE BALLOON.

How the Poet in 1822 Predicted the Airship of Today.

Those who have read the fiction of Edgar Allan Poe will recall his wonderful story of the balloon with a propelling rudder, which, crossing the Atlantic from Europe in three days, landed on the coast of South Carolina. This story was published in 1838, preceding the flight of Bleriot from Calais to Dover more than seventy years. And now it is remarked that as early as 1822, sixteen years before Poe, Byron foretold the motor.

It was in 1822 that Byron lived at Pisa, Italy, where he had rented for a year the Lanfranchi palace, and it was there that he entertained a Captain Medwin, who on his return to London published his "Conversations With Lord Byron." One of these conversations is to this effect:

"Who can but regret," said Byron, "that he has been born two or three hundred years too soon. Here is a letter from a savant of Bologna who claims to have discovered the secret of guiding balloons by means of a rudder and who assures me that he is ready to disclose this secret to the government. I imagine that we are soon to make journeys through the air instead of sea voyages, at last to find a way to go to the moon despite the lack of atmosphere that Fontainebleau has discovered there. There is not as much madness in this idea as one may suppose. The sciences are now in their infancy."

Medwin left Pisa in March, 1822. It was near the close of that year that Byron published the latter parts of his "Don Juan," in which the poet shows that he had been inspired by the discovery of the Bologna savant. See the second stanza of the tenth canto:

Man fell with apples and with apples rose,
If this be true, for we must deem the mode
In which Sir Isaac Newton could disclose
Through the then unpaved stars the
turnpike road,
A turning to counterbalance human woes.
For ever since immortal man hath
glowed
With all kinds of mechanics, and full soon
Steam engines will conduct him to the moon.

Byron's "Don Juan" was translated into French by Amedee Pichot in 1825; but, daring as was that translator, he did not venture to put "Don Juan" into rhyme, and today the foregoing stanza done in French prose is supposed to be a prediction of aviation by motor, though Byron's suggestion goes no further than steam.—London Globe.

The Size of Raindrops.

Raindrops do not always have the same size or weight, and this is primarily due to the fact that they are not formed like the drops of water that fall from a wet cloth or the spout of a pitcher or the drops that rush out of the small holes in a garden sprinkler. In all these latter cases a solid stream of water is broken up into drops. But the raindrop is formed in the cloud by the accumulation of minute atoms of water drawn together into one drop and sometimes by the melting of a large snowflake or a solid little icy ballstone. When a drop is thus formed in the clouds it begins to fall, no matter whether it be large or small, and observers in balloons state that all sizes of drops are to be found within the clouds themselves, from the finest fog and drizzling mist up to the heaviest rain. It is commonly said that the bigger drops fall faster than the smaller ones and overtake them and grow bigger. This sounds reasonable, but no one has really proved it.—St. Nicholas.

Nicaragua.

Nicaragua, wedged in between Honduras and Costa Rica, is triangular in shape, its base of some 230 miles resting on the Caribbean sea. Its area is about 58,000 square miles and its population somewhat less than a million, mostly Indians, mestizos negroes and mulattoes. The whites of pure blood constitute but a small part of the people. The main products of the country are rice, cocoa, coffee, Indian corn and hides. Like most of the South American countries, Nicaragua is noted for its military "pronunciamientos," popular revolts, revolutions, etc., by which the land is almost constantly troubled to the verge of ruin.—New York American.

Literally So.

"Jinks tells me he is living high."
"So he is—in an attic room, I be lieve."—Baltimore American.

All Attention.

She whupped in
The judge's ear,
And scores of women
Leaned to hear.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.



COLUMBIA

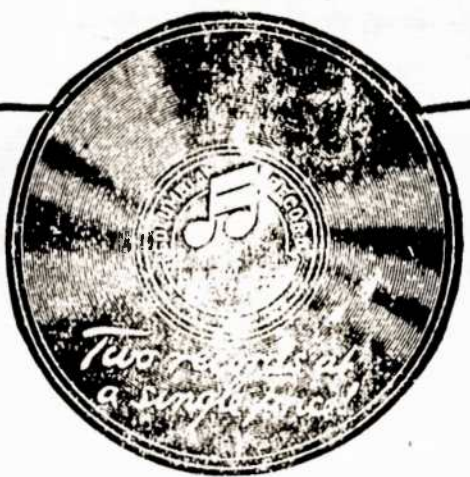
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Jeweled Monsters.

In the upper cretaceous deposits at White cliffs, New South Wales, two skeletons of plesiosaurian reptiles have been found, both of which were completely opalized, like the tree trunks found in Arizona and other western localities. In the first example of these jeweled monsters that were unearthed the color was rich and striking. The second was less brilliant of hue, and precious opal occurred only here and there on the specimen, especially in the transverse process of the neck. The plesiosaurs are an extinct race of very long necked creatures which swam in ancient seas.—Harper's Weekly.

What Eskimos Think of White Men.

The Eskimos' opinion of white men is sometimes as uncomplimentary as the white men's opinion of them. Vilhjalmr Stefansson, who was the ethnologist in company with the recent Anglo-American polar expedition, writes in Harper's Magazine of his experiences in the arctic while living with Eskimo families, and he reports with Eskimo as saying that white men are as bad to travel with as babies. Indeed, they go further and say that white men are worse than babies, because though babies cry they don't argue, and white men are always "giving directions about things they don't understand."

Insult Upon Injury.

"And to make matters worse," complained the employee who had just been blown up by a premature explosion in a quarry, "when I claimed damages the foreman called me a blasted fool."—Lippincott's.

Bind together your spare hours by the cords of some definite purpose.—William M. Taylor.

A Future Nuisance.

"Borrowing trouble again, are you? What's the matter now?"

"I was just wondering how it will be possible to keep unmanly people from splitting overboard when everybody gets to flying."—Chicago Record-Herald.

And It Did.

"Roll on, thou mighty ocean!"
The poet wrote his song.
Ah, well, the bard has had his way.
For ever since that fateful day
The ocean has, in ceaseless play,
Been rolling right along!
—Chicago Tribune.

Poor Old Ocean.

"What do you suppose, Algernon," the young thing asked, "is the reason the ocean is salty?"

"I am sure I don't know," drawled Algy, "unless it is because there are so many codfish in it."—Success Magazine.

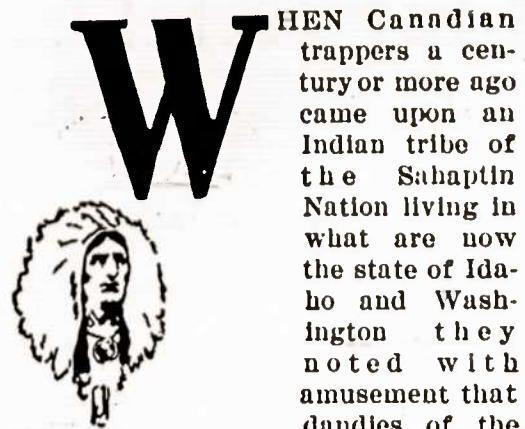
Its Origin.

Fair Cleopatra held the adder,
And as it to her clung
She smiled, though pale and sadder,
And gently whispered, "Stung!"
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Wars of
Our Country.L.—Nez Perce Wars—First
Campaign.

By Albert Payson Terhune



WHEN Canadian trappers a century or more ago came upon an Indian tribe of the Sahaptin Nation living in what are now the state of Idaho and Washington they noted with amusement that dandies of the

tribe wore nose rings of shell. From this trait the trappers nicknamed the savages "Nez Percés" ("Pierced Noses"), and the title has stuck to them ever since.

The Nez Percés were about 8,000 in number, intelligent, brave and for a long time kindly disposed toward the white men. When the Lewis and Clark expedition passed through their domains, almost at the beginning of the nineteenth century, a treaty was made which the Nez Percés religiously kept for more than fifty years. While they gave scant encouragement to missionaries and to the agriculturists who sought to interest them in farming, they remained friendly to the government and took Uncle Sam's part in the Indian disturbances in Oregon. Then in 1854 another treaty was made with them, whereby they were asked to turn over their ancestral lands to the United States and move to the Lapwai reservation, in northwestern Idaho. Many Nez Percés would not agree to leave their rich, game filled hunting grounds. When their comrades went to the reservation these malcontents stayed on at their old homes and continued their former mode of life, waging war now and then on hostile Sioux tribes.

But the majority of the tribe had gone obediently to the Lapwai reservation and settled peacefully there. All would have gone well had not a veritable horde of white men, seeking gold, poured into their reservation. Many Indian fields and forests were "jumped" by miners, and the natives were taught to drink whisky and were cheated right and left by unscrupulous traders.

Then it was that a native genius arose to redress his people's wrongs. He was a wise, wide awake chief, Joseph by name. Long he had watched with grief the inroads made by the white men on his tribe's territory and their demoralizing effect on the Indians' character and habits. Now he demanded that the gold seekers and other settlers be forbidden to seize any part of the territory set aside by the government for the Nez Percés. At his appeal President Grant in 1873 enforced the boundary laws laid down in the treaty of 1854, but two years later the order was revoked, and much of the reservation was declared public land. This was the last straw. Joseph's patience and loyalty broke down under the injustice. With hundreds of his followers he moved into the Wallowa valley, in Oregon, part of the original reservation which had been taken away from his tribe.

General O. O. Howard was sent with an armed force to oust Joseph from the "debated ground." Howard at first tried conciliatory measures and by argument sought to induce Joseph to go back to the reservation in Idaho. The result of a conference, held on May 10, 1877, is here quoted in the words of Howard's own official report. He said that Joseph and his subsidiary chiefs had made a constrained compliance with the orders of the government and had been allowed thirty days to gather their people and stock.

Twenty-seven days later the Nez Percés, marshaled by Chiefs Joseph, Looking Glass and White Bird, massed at Cottonwood creek in pretended obedience to Howard's commands. Then it was that Howard learned from scouts of a series of depredations, murders, etc., that had secretly marked the past few days' events.

The Indians were wreaking terrible revenge on the white settlers in whose favor they were ordered from the valley. Murder after murder was reported. Then came the news that one of the chiefs, White Bird, had publicly declared he would not go to the reservation.

Peaceable diplomacy had failed. The Nez Percés were on the warpath. Their long friendship with the

government was ended. Two cavalry companies were sent against the Indian camp at White Bird canyon. The troops attacked, but were defeated, with a loss of more than one-third of their number.

Howard then marched upon the Nez Percés with a force 400 strong. On July 11 he came upon them in a ravine on the Clearwater. A fierce battle followed. The Indians defended their position with frantic courage, but after six days' resistance, were forced to retreat. Their camp and a large part of their food supply fell into Howard's hands.

Then began one of the most remarkable running fights in all history.

The Land of
Puzzledom.

No. 814.—Hidden Sayings.
(One word of the answers to be found in each line.)

I.
There is a song for you to sing.
It is with you everywhere.
No minstrel to you it can bring.
'Tis ever new and ever fair.
This song's a thing so sweet and dear
'Tis under all your day.
The loving heart brings its music near,
Like a sun lighting all the way.

II.
If my tale you'd wish to know
At reading it you'll quickly go.
First you'll look the lines all o'er.
You'll scan and con them more and more.
Don't give up the search at once.
Succeed you will, since you're no dunce.
Try your best. You'll find it true,
Try, and you can always do.
Again attempt; this word's for you.

III.
'Tis hard to work from morn till night
And never have fun a minute.
To lose the ball game too. Not even a sight
Was there for me who came so late.
I seem to have an unkind fate.
Who wants to make me learn to wait.
—Youth's Companion.

No. 815.—Double Letter Enigma.
In "apples" dropping from the trees;
In "rivulets," so soon to freeze;
In "petals," fragrant, doomed to blight.
'Devoiced" by the frosts of night;
In "melons" with their hearts blood red,
Detached from "vines" now sear and dead.

Now melancholy ONE is here;
Frigid winter's voice is calling.
Soon tinted TWO must disappear;
Everywhere the WHOLE are falling.

No. 816.—Charade.
My second, worn with pompous pride,
My first had dangling at his side.
On chain securely hooked,
My first, he came from o'er the sea.
A bundle of conceit looked he,
And he was all he looked.

She led him to the village green,
Where in desponding mood was seen
My whole with drooping head.
'Behold," she said, "a perfect, true
And striking likeness, sir, of you!"
And, laughing gayly, fled.

No. 817.—Pictorial Code Rebus.



Each picture stands for a word.
There are as many letters in that word
as there are numbers below the picture.
When all are deciphered and arranged
in numerical order they will spell a sentence.

No. 818.—Two Words Talk Shop.
1. I am a long stitch, part of a sail,
a determinate course, a sticky condition
of surface, a heavy rope with a
particular nautical use.
2. By me may all ascend or descend;
I am a rule upon which one or more
series are laid down, a system of proportion,
the act of storming.

No. 819.—Beheaded Rhymes.
Find a word to replace the stars in
the first line, which may be successively
beheaded to complete each subsequent line:

Onward we marched; behind us *****
A frenzied mob, who raved and *****
As if they knew wherein we *****
The warlike troops unmoved *****
As Bonaparte his legions *****
My trusty aid-de-camp was *****
Whose home was near the *, he said.

No. 820.—Anagrams.
The letters in each of the following
anagrams may be transposed so as to
spell the name of a well known novel:
1. Nod, quiet ox. 2. Wilt sit over. 3.
Visiting near H. 4. Earning my gun.
5. Lord Policy is south. 6. But no nice
clams. 7. When I want to, I hem. 8.
Is it of papa's homely Ted? 9. If we
have lifted a cork. 10. We quit Dr.
and run.

No. 821.—Numerical Spelling.
To a cipher add fifty; plus one; then
add another cipher, and it equals a
medley.

No. 822.—Charade.
My first is an heir,
My second a snare,
My whole is the offspring of fancy,
Which I sent on its way
Last Valentine's day
As a token of love to my Nancy.

Key to Puzzledom.
No. 805.—Enigma: Adored. A, A.D.,
or, do, ado, ore, rod, red, doe, roe, ode,
add, dead, dear, read, road, dread,
adore, adored.

No. 806.—Charade: Spar-row-hawk,
sparrowhawk.

No. 807.—Ten Hidden Birds: Wren,
owl, hawk, eagle, robin, heron, stork,
snipe, crane, macaw.

No. 808.—Transposition: Auction,
caution.

No. 809.—Pictured Word: Stagnant.
No. 810.—Additions and Subtractions:
Stable—able=st+alr=stairx2=stairs—
alrs=st+art=stair.

No. 811.—Double Acrostic: Primals,
Philip. Finals, Sydney. Crosswords:
1. Pleiades. 2. Honest. 3. Inflamed. 4.
Lengthen. 5. Impolite. 6. Pedan-
trous.

No. 812.—Charade: Spln-net, spinnet.
No. 813.—Amputations: 1. H-oar-d. 2.
F-awn-s. 3. C-ham-p. 4. C-handle-r.

ASBESTOS.

There Are Many Varieties of This Peculiar, Puzzling Substance.

Of all the queer minerals which nature seems to have provided for no other purpose than that man might show his ingenuity in their use nothing compares to that mineralogical vegetable asbestos, which in its native state is both fibrous and crystalline, elastic and yet brittle, a stone which will float and which may be carded, spun and woven like flax or silk. Asbestos is mined in practically every section of the globe, and the asbestos of the various countries differs as greatly in appearance as does the foliage of the trees and plants native to each. It is alike in but one feature—that it is absolutely indestructible, no known combinations of acids even affecting the strength or appearance of its fiber and the fiercest flames leaving it unscathed. It is a nonconductor of heat and of electricity.

Some varieties of asbestos are as compact as marble and will take the highest polish; others have loose, silky fibers. "Mountain wood" is a variety presenting an irregular filamentous structure, like wood, and other varieties, taking their names from their resemblance to the various materials, are rock, cork, mountain leather, fossil paper and fossil flax.

Asbestos is really a variety of amphibole or hornblende, composed of separable filaments with silky luster. Its colors are various shades of white, gray or green, passing into brown, red or black. Although as perishable as grass, it is older than any order of animal or vegetable life on earth.

Respectfully Referred.

Chief Justice Marshall used to narrate with great glee the following correspondence on a point of honor between Governor Giles of Virginia and Patrick Henry. The governor wrote:

Sir—I understand that you have called me a bobtail politician. I wish to know if it be true and, if true, your meaning.

W. R. GILES.

Patrick Henry's reply came promptly:

Sir—I do not recollect calling you a bobtail politician at any time, but think it probable that I have. I can't say what I did mean, but if you will tell me what you think I meant I will say whether you are correct or not. Very respectfully,

PATRICK HENRY.

This was leaving it to Giles with a vengeance; but, as there was no further correspondence, the governor of Virginia must have read satisfaction somewhere between the lines of Patrick Henry's brilliantly equivocal reply.

A Mean Accusation.

The plump and pretty waitress was being teased by a youthful male boarder when a sedate middle aged man entered the dining room. To him she made prompt appeal.

"Is there anything on my face?" she demanded.

"Why, yes," was the reply, after a lengthy scrutiny. "There is some cuticle on it."

"Oh, there is not!" she said in high dudgeon and flounced out of the room. —Lippincott's.

There They Were.

"I am here, gentlemen," explained the pickpocket to his fellow prisoners, "as the result of a moment of abstraction." "And I am here," said the incendiary, "because of an unfortunate habit of making light of things." "And I," said the forger, "on account of a simple desire to make a name for myself." "And I," added the burglar, "through nothing but taking advantage of an opening which offered in a large mercantile establishment in town."

Ignorance.

Elsie—They're twins, aren't they? Bob (scornfully)—Twins, you duffer! Can't you see one's a boy and one is a girl?—London Opinion.

Do not put off under false pretext. —Homer.

Subscribe for the PRESS

HER SURPRISE.

By THOMAS R. DEAN.

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There is no place wherein men—and women, too—will sooner sink to the brute level than in a lumber camp.

Miss Margaret Storms of St. Louis was the daughter of an owner of lumber property in Wisconsin. She was city born and bred and had never been in a wild country in her life. But one winter she took it into her head to go with her father to his lumber property, and, although he told her that the people were very rough and she would not like to be among them, she was possessed with a desire to go, and she did.

From the moment of her arrival she seemed to delight in the wild woods and showed no disinclination for the rude lumber folk she met there. She was eager to go about and in order to be able to travel on the surface of the snow asked for some one to teach her to walk in snowshoes. A guide named Jim Hogan, a tall, strapping son of the woods, was recommended to her as an expert snowshoe and sledge teacher. Jim had physical beauty enough to captivate a dozen women. He had a profusion of curly black hair, large brown eyes, an oval face, shaved except for a drooping mustache, and the figure of an Apollo Belvedere. He was perfectly fearless and thoroughly versed in woodcraft.

But here the guide's qualifications as a lady killer ceased. He could read and write, but if he had ever imparted it to others. He had little fancy for women and was rather annoyed at their attentions. Indeed, he kept himself as much as possible away from the settlements to avoid them.

Strange as it may appear, Miss Storms, who had been educated in the best schools, came under the spell of this ignorant woodsman. But it should not appear so improbable when we remember that the early kings of England could neither read nor write. True, their queens were just as ignorant, but there is ample evidence that they loved their husbands. At any rate, the lumber capitalist's daughter, skimming over the snow with her teacher, became bewitched. Possibly she possessed an emotional nature. Possibly her fancy was fired by seeing his graceful figure threading its way before her through the interminable woods. Be the cause what it may, she came to feel that life would be a wretched existence without her Hogan.

It happened that the daughter of the storekeeper of the camp found more favor in Hogan's eyes than Miss Storms. This girl, Anna Woodson, was also a city girl, but not of the class of Miss Storms. Perhaps the fact that she was nearer Hogan's level gave her his preference. He had become aware that Miss Storms was infatuated with him and that Miss Woodson really loved him. He did not break with either, fearing trouble with her he discarded. He disliked especially to break with Miss Storms, for her father was paying him a handsome sum each week for his daughter's instruction.

One day Miss Storms was driving in her father's buggy when she overtook Jim Hogan and Miss Woodson walking side by side. Influenced by a sudden impulse, induced by jealousy, Miss Storms as she passed the couple gave her rival a cut with her whip, leaving a red welt on her cheek.

There was no opportunity to resent the insult then and there, for in a moment Miss Storms was beyond reach. Miss Woodson burned for an opportunity to get her fingers in Miss Storms' hair and so expressed herself to Mr. Hogan. Terrified at being the cause of a fracas between the two women, he told her that if she attacked her rival he would leave the camp and neither girl would hear from him again.

Miss Woodson, fearing that he would keep his word, yet not being able to restrain her thirst for revenge, chose a middle course. She secretly sent a challenge to Miss Storms to fight a duel. The feelings that induced this city girl who had been carefully reared to fight a duel with another girl in a lumber camp cannot be analyzed. Was it the influence of the wild ways among which she had fallen? Was it hate for her rival? Was it a return to the brute instincts which some scientists aver were once common with us all? Whatever the motives, the challenge was accepted.

Unfortunately seconds were necessary. Indeed, some one was needed to bear the challenge. The bearer told her most intimate friend, who in turn told her most intimate friend. This included two intimate friends, besides the principals, who knew of the affair. But as each intimate friend had one or more intimate friends within a few hours after the challenge had passed the coming duel was known of all over the camp.

Hogan fled.

One of Mr. Storms' managing men informed him of the situation, and when the next train left Miss Storms was on it.

A few years later Miss Storms married a professor of Greek literature in

one of the universities. She took a fancy to go on her wedding trip to her father's lumber camp. While there she bribed a lumberman to walk the man for whom she had been willing to unsex herself and risk her life past the cabin occupied by herself and her husband. Hogan walked by the lumberman, and the professor's wife observed him from behind a curtain. "Oh, heavens!" she exclaimed. "How could I have done it?"

BEANS IN BOSTON.

The Millions of Quarts That Are Annually Baked and Eaten.

Boston baked beans are known around the globe. In the city of Boston alone about 32,000,000 quarts of baked beans are devoured annually, to say nothing of the pork that goes with them and the brown bread that is also served. There are factories or bakeries which handle nothing but baked beans from one year's end to the other. One of the largest of these, which supplies restaurants wholly, bakes 14,000 quarts of beans a week. Other bakeries also furnish brown bread, while nearly every bakeshop that makes bread, pastry and pies also bakes beans several times a week. There are bakeries with ovens that will hold 2,000 quarts each.

The preparation and baking of beans are interesting operations. In establishments where beans only are baked it is done on a huge scale. There are great kettles that hold two or three bushels of beans, and into these the beans are put to soak and parboil. Then the pots of earthenware, varying in size from one quart to two gallons, are ranged around on tables and filled from the big kettles. Every quart of beans is carefully picked over and sorted and cleaned of all dirt and dead beans before being put into the kettles. The ovens are huge brick affairs, glowing red with heat. Experts consider that beans cannot be properly cooked except in a brick oven. Some of the ovens hold 2,000 quarts each. Filled with the loaded pots, they present a sight worth beholding. So hot are the ovens that long handled flat shovels are used to push the pots in and take them out.—New York Tribune.

Deserting Husbands.

An epidemic of wife desertion is reported. In one city the desertions numbered ten in one day and seven another day. Not long ago a charity officer in Chicago stated that there were 20,000 deserted wives in that city, and as high as 11,000 desertions had been recorded in a single year. Reasoning from statistics on divorce, economic conditions, and so on, it has been argued that hard times contribute to the evil of divorce and to wife desertion, which is often the precursor of divorce.

Some sociologists believe that divorce of a shiftless husband is good for the family and good for society. However that may be, the deserting husband ought not to be let off easy as a benefactor of society. Many states punish wife desertion severely, for the offense is against public order. If times are hard for the man they are equally hard and perhaps harder for the helpless ones left in the lurch. Desertion is generally ground for divorce, but divorce in such case is seldom punishment for the deserter. The wife may be well rid of him, but so society need not turn him loose to make other victims.

Obviously the next step after taking the stinger out of the anti-hazing law is for congress to turn the management of the Military academy over to the cadets and promise them immunity if they haze the superintendent for the sake of military discipline. The first principle to be laid down as the basis of a soldier's education seems to be the value of political influence.

Germany wants to borrow \$120,000,000. She can't get it from England, and France needs her spare cash at home now. So it looks as though the patient Germans must wait.

"Barometric pressure" caused the Paris flood, says science. Paris says 'twas too much water.

All of us will be right glad to have the Wright brothers fly to the north pole—and back.

Lots of people can testify that raising airships is a different thing from growing them.

A nation wide war is on. So when the price of beef doesn't suit you order a roast.

Roosevelt's aim seems just now important in places a long ways from Africa.

The Peach.

May is a peach, they say.
Well, she is one, I'll own—
Her face is like its blush;
Her heart within—a stone.

The Northfield Press

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

W. W. Coe A. P. Fitt

NORTHFIELD - MASSACHUSETTS

Entered as second class matter.

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1910

The Cost of Schools per Pupil in Northfield

In considering the increased cost of schools in town, one fact easily lost to sight is the corresponding increase in the number of pupils. It is true that we have not returned to the traditional days of fifty and sixty pupils in a single room, with one teacher, but there has been a substantial increase in the number of pupils in Northfield as shown by the reports of the school committee for the past seven years. The report dated 1904 gives 192.4 as the average membership of all the public schools. That of 1910 will indicate 282.6, an increase of 90 pupils in the average membership. The cost per pupil in the average membership was \$32.43 for the year on which the report of 1904 was based. The cost per pupil in the average membership for this year is \$29.76, an actual decrease of \$2.67 for each pupil in the average membership of all the public schools in this town.

Upon computing the cost for the intervening years, the following results are obtained:

| The cost per pupil in the average membership for | |
|--|---------|
| 1910 was | \$29 76 |
| 1909, | 32 82 |
| 1908, | 30 43 |
| 1907, | 27 21 |
| 1906, | 32 00 |
| 1905, | 28 43 |
| 1904, | 32 43 |

During the time which is covered by the above tabulation, one additional school has been opened in East Northfield, the entire high school has been developed, the schools in No. 3 and No. 6 have been reopened, while the schools in No. 9 and No. 5 have remained closed.

E. F. HOWARD.

The Northfield Minstrels.

The excellence of home talent was once more demonstrated in the Town Hall last Tuesday evening, when the Northfield minstrels gave their promised entertainment to a packed house. From start to finish the programme elicited the hearty applause of the audience. The singing was especially fine. Some of the jokes won the respect of all on account of their age; others were welcomed as new arrivals and strictly up-to-date. Whether old or young, they kept the audience in an uproar and the costumes were irresistible. Comment on individual performers would require a column. We must be content in saying that each one did his part well. M. P. Kennedy, in make-up and performance was a pretty good counterpart of Lew Dockstader and when it comes to singing "Everywhere," M. P. fills all the requirements. Philip Porter's songs were a strong feature of the programme and were accompanied by tableaux "The Spirit of '76," and "The Boys' Brigade." Especial mention should be made of Mrs. Eva Quinn of Keene, N. H., who kindly assisted in the performance by rendering a whistling selection and two encores. Mrs. Quinn is a whistler of remarkable versatility and her part was a surprise and a delight to the audience. Wallace Holton as a musical mope, is of 18 caret quality, and F. W. Doane is a fairy whose equal in symmetry and grace it would be hard to find. J. T. Cummings as interlocutor carried himself with a distinguished dignity that gave tone to the whole performance. The music by the orchestra was excellent. The proceeds of the entertainment were about \$90, and were given to the Boys' Brigade.

Bad teeth of pupils attending the Boston schools are costing the city \$100,000 each year for extra teachers, was the statement made by Leonard P. Ayers at Boston university a few days ago. He declared that "physical defects are responsible for the lack of promotion of a large part of our pupils. This could be practically eliminated by proper treatment. Statistics prove that a child with bad teeth takes one-half a year longer to complete his secondary school course than does a child with good teeth. Figured out by the total enrollment of pupils in Boston schools it will be seen that the half year thus lost costs in extra instruction by teachers \$100,000.

Letter from Rev. D. M. Wilson

KENNEBUNK, MAINE, Feb. 20, 1910.

Editors The Press:—

I wish to express the pleasure brought to me every week by the NORTHFIELD PRESS. The last number seems to me the most interesting one I have yet read, and the best looking, as well it might be, now entirely "a home product." And that is only what I have said of every preceding number. It is certainly an achievement in the way of a town newspaper. The information the PRESS imparts about my former neighbors, the frequent mention of friends and their doings, the re-current touch of the Northfield spirit, all awaken visions and thoughts of your beautiful town, "strung like a pearl on the silver thread of the Connecticut."

As yet I am far from feeling as closely identified with Kennebunk as I was with Northfield. The people and the place are new to me. But I am gradually feeling more at home, and am anticipating genuine satisfaction in closer intimacies with the people, and in anticipations of the delights of old ocean and its shores. We have some five different churches here, and they are on the best of terms. Indeed, we are neighbors all. The other ministers were prompt to call upon us, and a Trinitarian Congregational minister at the time of my installation welcomed me to the town. I am told that it is not an unheard of thing for the Unitarian and the Trinitarian Congregational ministers to exchange pulpits. At all events the people mingle together in a most friendly fashion, and we are called upon by those of other churches.

In our home we are almost settled,—it was a strenuous task,—and the loving cup so kindly presented to me by Harmony Lodge adorns the mantel above the open fireplace in the study. I am so far emerging from this work of settling as to look out upon the parsonage garden, and to cherish imaginations of what I am going to plant. All that the Northfield grangers taught me I hope to put in practice with pronounced success. In fact, I must own that I am possessed with the secret persuasion that I shall astonish my new neighbors with what I know about farming. But that, and the chicken industry, as taught by Mr. Joseph Field, is all in the future.

Mrs. Wilson still sighs for the Fort-nightly, and her mind runs on the First Parish Alliance; this in spite of the fact that we have the "Webbannet Literary Society" to which she has been invited, and an Alliance before which she is to give next Thursday her interpretation of President C. W. Eliot's Religion of the Future.

I trust that your people and all our good friends are well. Our best regards to everyone.

Truly yours,
DANIEL M. WILSON.

Anson O. Howard has recently obtained a photograph which depicts a tragedy in the woods. A scattered bunch of feathers and the tracks of a fox in the snow tell the end of a pheasant. It occurred out on the Warwick Road. Three such instances of the damage being done by foxes were found within a short distance of each other. Copy of the photograph has been sent to the "Amateur Sportsman," who wants to print it.

Registration of Voters

The Registrars will be at the Town Hall on Saturday, Feb. 26, from noon till 10 p. m. for the registration of voters.

Centennial Celebration at Orange.

Nearly 50 of Orange's leading citizens, which included for the most part business and professional men, have met to express their views relatives to the proper time and way to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the town.

This anniversary was the 24th of this month, but with no suitable hall and unfavorable weather conditions existing at that time it seemed better to postpone the observance until some time in the summer. The majority favored the week of July 4 to observe the event, and to celebrate from two to five days with literary events, sports, coaching parties and parades and exhibitions.

It was also proposed to obtain the co-operation of North Orange and to persuade, that community to observe their annual reunion on one of the days of that week, and it was voted to place an article in the town warrant asking the town to provide at least \$1500 or \$2000 for the purpose of celebrating.

Bellows.

Bellows are supposed to have been invented about 509 B. C. by a Scythian mechanician.

THE BEER SHAM

Facts Bare Fraud of Brewers' Claims.

Science Explodes "Food Value."

Record of 1909 Betrays Constant Law Defiance.

"How Beer Benefits—How It Soothes, Nourishes, Livens the Body—Is Good For Both the Sick and the Well" are the startling headlines carried in large type by a leading Chicago paper in its advertising columns Saturday, Jan. 1, 1910.

Following a year of strenuous activity, New Year's day, 1910, was apparently seized by the brewers of America as the particular time for a simultaneous broadside of newspaper advertising in the daily press throughout the country. Millions of full page eulogies for their amber product found their way to the hands of the unsuspecting newspaper reading public, many of whom, following ancient custom, had no doubt temporarily climbed on the water wagon as a result of new made resolutions.

But all the rosy hued eloquence of the brewers' press bureau falls signally flat when examined in the light of current events and of the growing verdict of science in direct disapproval of all alcoholics. In fact, the bold and constant misrepresentation of the brewers' editorial writers when summarized for a period of a single year, as is done in the American Prohibition year book for 1910, is an eye opener to every unprejudiced mind.

The record which the brewers themselves have written during the past two years of their own methods of law defiance and distortion of fact in all their publicity is, when considered en masse, the most damning indictment of their trade and their wares which has yet been brought against them.

The verdict of science against beer is strongly summarized in the 1910 Prohibition year book. The testimony of many of Europe's ablest scientists, including distinguished authorities of Germany, Austria and France, is marshaled to show that even there beer is not considered the "liquid food" and beneficial beverage that the brewers' advertising would attempt to make American readers believe.

"Thousands and tens of thousands of men who take their daily pint are rendered stupid and dissolute by beer," declares Dr. Hugo Hoppe, the famous nerve specialist of Konigsberg, Germany.

"So grave are the evils caused by beer drinking that the fight against beer should now be conducted as strenuously as that against stronger liquors," writes Dr. Legrain, the eminent specialist of Paris.

The attitude of the medical profession toward beer and the use of liquors in medicine is significantly set forth in special contributions to the year book.

The widely published claims that the use of beer and light wines in European countries has decreased drunkenness is completely exploded by testimony from scientists of France, Switzerland, Italy and Spain, specially contributed to the 1910 year book.

The facts here summarized by the year book show that crime and disease in these countries are in large measure caused by the use of wines and beers, and the actual data of the asylums and official statistics are collected to prove the point.

Finally, the almost unbelievable lawlessness of the liquor traffic and principally of the brewer, as shown in the latest investigations, is carefully described in the year book, and the responsibility of the beermaker for the political corruption in our great cities is clearly demonstrated.

World Just as Rich if All Liquor Were Destroyed.

Extensive quotations are made in the new American Prohibition year book for 1910 from the epoch making speeches of Dr. Dickie in his famous debates with Mayor Rose. One of the most striking illustrations which is noted is this:

"Destroy at this moment all the food products of America, and does anybody venture to tell me that the destruction would not be a national calamity? Wipe out at this hour, while I stand before you, all the fabrics in America, destroy all the furniture in America, and every thoughtful man would say that such destruction would be a widespread calamity.

"But even here in Milwaukee I dare stand before you and say that if every drop of intoxicating liquor now on the whole earth were absolutely poured out on the ground this moment there would be no less value in the world after its destruction than before."

There are few to mourn because comic valentine day comes but once a year.

ELLIOTT W. BROWN
REAL ESTATE

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EAST NORTHFIELD - MASS.

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JEWELER
AND
OPTICIAN
WEBSTER BLOCK

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WHITE PINE & TAR
COUGH SYRUP
George's Pharmacy
WEBSTER BLOCKFIRE! FIRE!
FIRE!

YOUR SAVINGS of a lifetime may be swept away in an hour.

AN INSURANCE POLICY may be all that stands between you and poverty. PROTECT YOURSELF and family by ample insurance.

CAN YOU AFFORD not to do so? Do you wish to chance being supported by charity?

THINK IT OVER, and then CALL, WRITE, TELEPHONE.

Webster's Insurance Agency
NORTHFIELD, MASS.
DO IT NOW
TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE

Come to the PRESS Office for
JOB PRINTING
Proctor Block Telephone 4-5

PROGRAMME OF THE NORTHFIELD MINSTRELS

Town Hall, Feb. 22.

PART I

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| Opening Chorus, Coonville Cullud Band | CIRCLE |
| End Song, Alexander Jones | ROBERT WARE |
| Ballad, In the Wild-wood where the Bluebells Grow | F. H. WATSON |
| End Song, Everywhere | M. P. KENNEDY |
| Ballad, In dear old Georgia | AMBERT CUMMINGS |
| End Song, Turkey in de Straw | JAS. BRODERICK |
| Song, Meet me in Rose time, Rosie | |
| MISS CAVANAUGH AND MISS DUNNELL | |
| Sentimental Song, Whispering Sea | HENRY SMITH |
| Recitative Song, Come right in | F. W. DOANE |
| Finale, Tableau representing "The Spirit of '76" with Solo, My Dream of the U. S. A. by PHILIP PORTER | |
| MESSRS. BROWN, COE AND PORTER | |
| OLIO | |

| | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| Whistling Specialty | MRS. EVA QUINN |
| Coon Kid Duet | MISS HAZEL HOLTON AND MYRON DUNNELL |
| Monologue | M. P. KENNEDY |
| Skit | ELWIN LONG |
| Uncle Pompey and Aunt Chloe will 'trip the light fantastic toe.' | |
| Tableau, Boys' Brigade. | Solo, Yankee Boys in Blue |
| PHILIP PORTER | |
| Introducing Mlle. Foie Luller of the French Opera, recently returned from a tour of Europe, Africa and Gill. | |
| Stump Oration, The Origin of Man Pres. TAFT, or substitute | |
| Concluding Nonsense by MESSRS. WATSON, HOLTON, KENNEDY AND FIELD | |

CHURCH DIRECTORY

First Parish (Unitarian)
Main St. and Parker Ave.
Services at 10.45 a. m.
Sunday School, 12 m.

Trinitarian Congregational
Main St., near Mill Brook
Rev. N. Fay Smith, Pastor
Sundays, 10.45, 12, 6.45 and 7.30
Thursdays, 8 p. m.

St. Patrick's Parish
Main Street
Rev. J. S. Nelligan, Pastor
Services every alternate
Sunday at 8.30 a. m.

Advent Christian Church
South Vernon
Rev. A. E. Phelps, Pastor
Sundays, 10.45, 12, 6.30 and 7.30
Thursdays, 7.30 p. m.

Church Notes.

There will be a Parish meeting Monday evening in the vestry of the Unitarian Church.

Rev. A. E. Phelps will preach in the South Vernon Church next Sunday a. m. on "Citizenship." In the evening the topic of the Loyal Workers will be "Co-laborers with Christ." Leader, Mrs. Clarence Buffum.

Rev. and Mrs. Phelps are visiting their daughter, Mrs. E. W. Collier, in Westfield.

Rev. N. Fay Smith preached last Sunday morning on the centennial of the American Board of Foreign Missions, founded in 1810, as a sequel of the famous "haystack prayer meeting" at Williamstown. Mrs. W. R. Moody and Miss Higgins sang solos.

The subject of next Sunday evening's address at the Congregational church will be "The Fact of Sin in God's Universe." Much interest and thought is being awakened by these evening topics.

Rev. and Mrs. L. S. Chafer left this week for the seventh annual conference of the Southfield Bible Conference Association, which will be held at Crescent City, Fla., February 26 to March 6.

The speakers engaged for this session are:—Rev. C. I. Scofield, D. D., W. R. Moody and Mr. Chafe.

The meetings, though entertaining in character, are for careful study of the Scriptures. Services will be held afternoon and evening in a new auditorium, provided for the conference by the late Edwin Gilbert of Georgetown, Conn.

Crescent City is one of the most attractive places in Florida, beautifully situated between two lakes, and is the enter of the best orange groves of the state. The town is well provided with churches, schools, hotel and boarding-house accommodations, and is an ideal spot for rest and study. It is about two hours' ride south from Jacksonville on the Atlantic Coast Line, and is also the southern terminus of the Beech and Miller Boat Line from Jacksonville on the St. John's River.

Mr. Chafer, Mr. Moody and George C. Stebbins are among the trustees of the enterprise.

How Liquor Despoils Childhood.

Two startling items from the detailed discussion of this phase of the liquor problem are thus noted in the American Prohibition year book for 1910: "Sixteen hundred children are smothered yearly in England by drunken mothers."

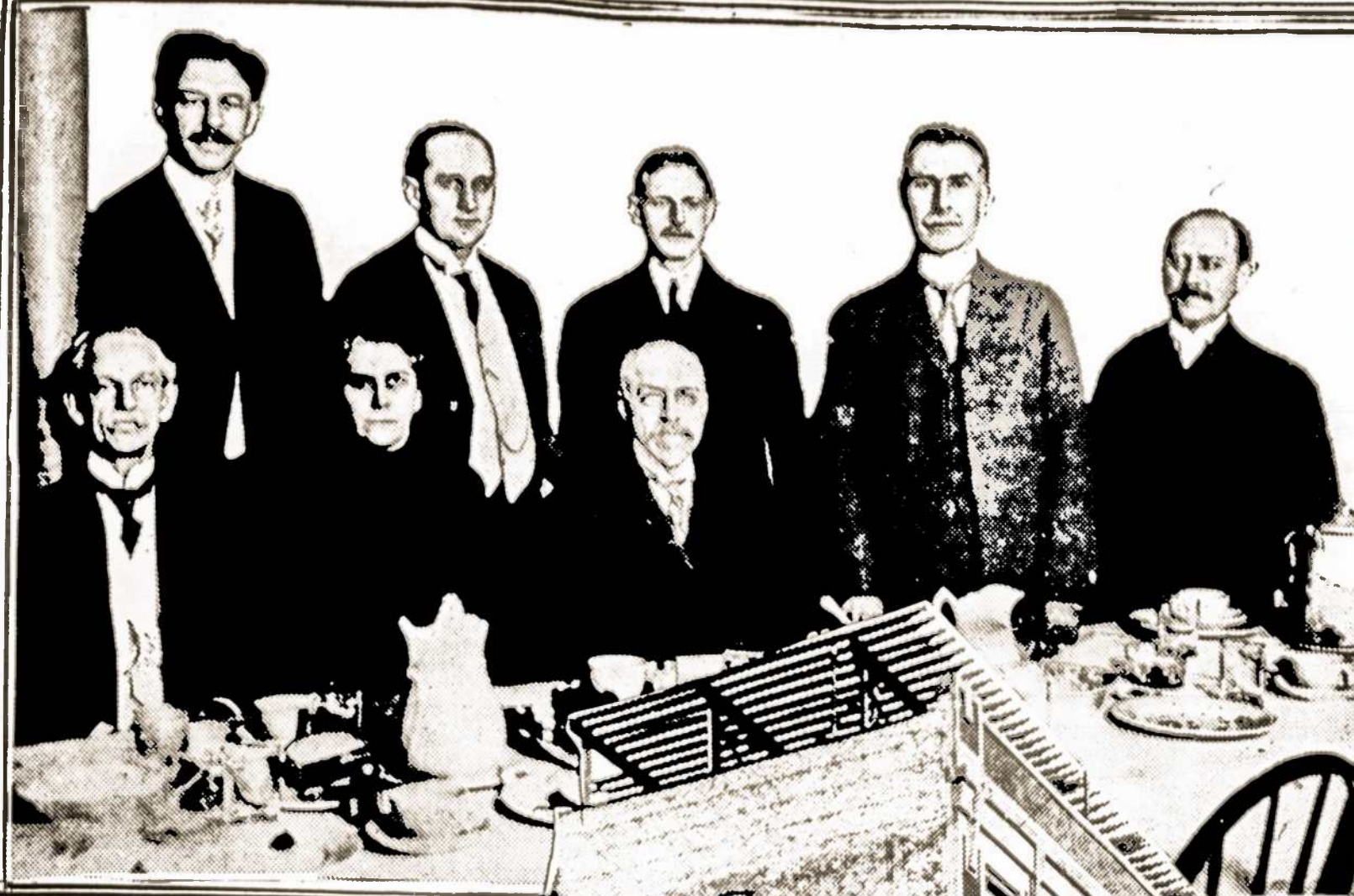
"Last year in England the National Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Children dealt with 50,015 cases in which want, suffering and abuse had played havoc with their little victims. It is well known, comments the Alliance News, that 90 per cent of these cases have their origin in the drinking habits of the parents."

A Curious Barometer.

A curious barometer is said to be used by the remnant of the Araucanian race which inhabits the southernmost province of Chile. It consists of the castoff shell of a crab. The dead shell is white in fair, dry weather, but the approach of a moist atmosphere is indicated by the appearance of small red spots. As the moisture in the air increases the shell becomes entirely red and remains so throughout the rainy season.

Iridium.

Iridium is a hard, brittle, silver white metallic element belonging to the platinum group, discovered by Tennant in 1803, sometimes found native and nearly pure, but generally combined with osmium. It is, with the exception of osmium, the heaviest metal known and is used for pen points, contact points in telegraphy and points of scientific implements liable to wear. Its specific gravity is 22.4.



Standing—E. A. Marshall, E. O. Sellers, A. F. Gaylord, H. E. Crowell, J. H. Hunter
Sitting—Rev. H. W. Pope, Miss C. A. Cary, Dr. James M. Gray

Men's New Dormitory of the Moody Bible Institute Chicago

The accompanying cut depicts the new men's dormitory of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, which was dedicated free of debt on Founder's Day, February 5.

Its dimensions are 51 1-2 feet front, 103 feet deep, six stories and basement; fireproof construction; 95 rooms, with capacity for 195 students. The rear part of the basement and first story is occupied by a gymnasium or recreation hall with best up-to-date equipment. A roof garden is on top. Cost, \$70,000 above the land. It is located on Institute Place across from the Main Building.

The dedicatory exercises were preceded by a luncheon at which the trustees, faculty, students and certain distinguished guests were present. During the past year 643 students were enrolled in the day Department of the Institute, and 268 in the Evening Department.

The Monasteries of Tibet.

Every Tibetan family is compelled to devote its firstborn male child to a monastic life. Soon after his birth the child is taken to a Buddhist monastery to be brought up and trained in priestly mysteries. At about the age of eight he joins one of the caravans which travel to Lassa. There he is attached to one of the local monasteries, where he remains as a novice until he is fifteen, learning to read the sacred books and perform the religious rites of his faith. The firstborn son, being thus sent into the church, as we should say in this country, the second becomes the head of the family and marries. Unlike some other semi-civilized races, these young Tibetans have the right of choosing their own wives. Nor can a Tibetan girl be married off by her parents without her own consent. The curious custom in regard to the eldest sons results of course, in nearly every Tibetan family acquiring the odor of sanctity, numbering a monk among its members.—London Telegraph.

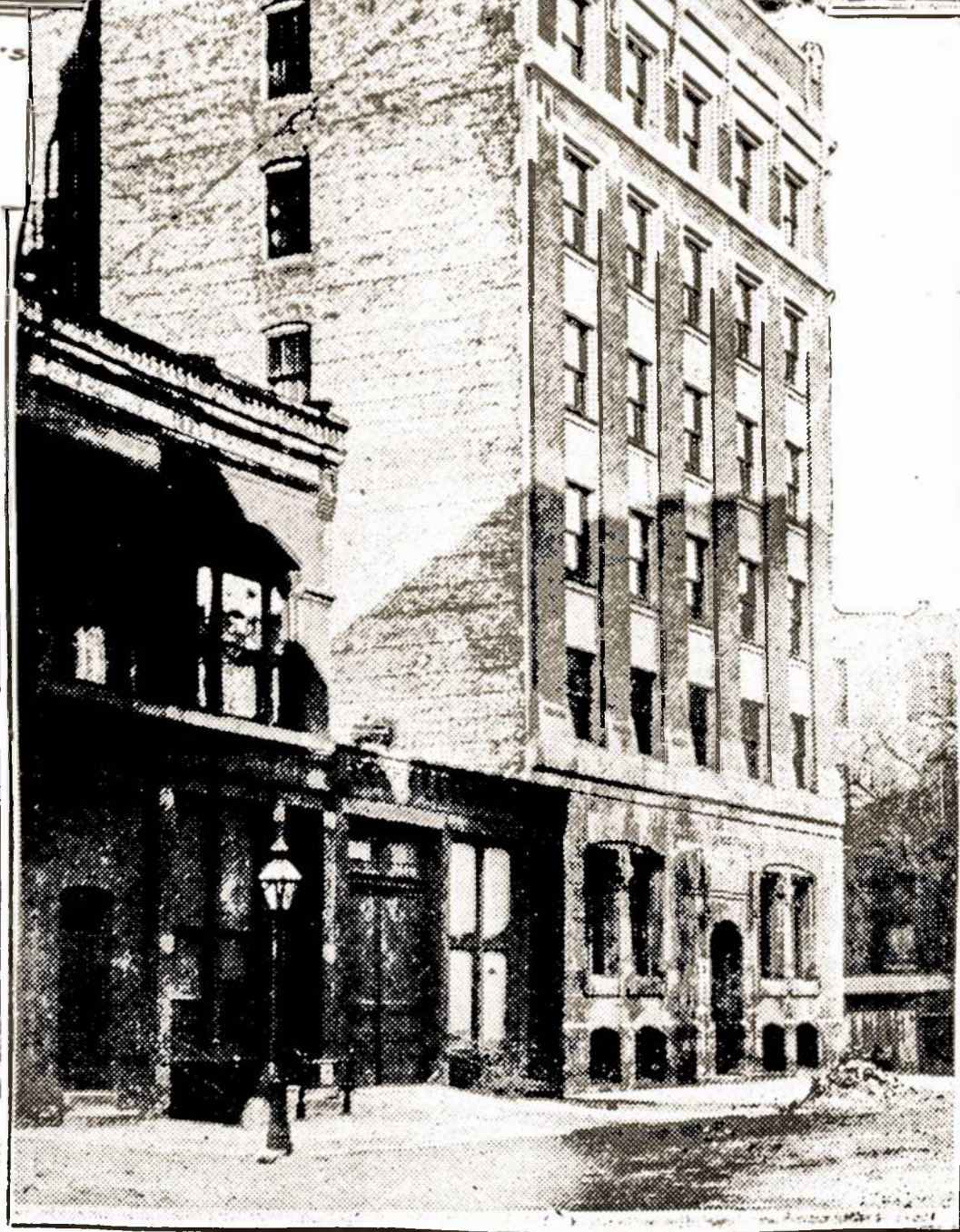
Slow but Inexorable Justice.

In October, 1900, Pietro Giacomini and Marie Bonelli were tried at Rome on a charge of sextuple murder by poisoning committed thirty-one years before. In England Eugene Aram was hanged for the murder of Clarke fourteen years after the offense. A man named Horne was executed for the murder of his child in the eighteenth century no less than thirty-five years after the offense. There is also the well known case of Governor Wall, who was executed in 1802 for a murder committed in 1782. Sherward was hanged at Norwich for the murder of his wife after a lapse of twenty years. But Sir Fitzjames Stephens recalls what is the most remarkable case of all. He prosecuted as counsel for the crown in 1863 a man who was charged with stealing a leaf from a parish register sixty years before—that is, in 1803. In this case the prisoner was acquitted.—London Standard.

Bright and Dark Days.

There are bright days and dark days, and we must take advantage of the former and be as little discouraged as possible by the latter. They are all in a lifetime.

Common sense is the knack of seeing things as they are and doing things as they ought to be done.—Stowe.



Queer Creatures.

There are microscopic creatures which live in roof gutters and on the bark of trees and are known as water bears and wheel animalcules. If allowed to dry up under the microscope they can be seen to shrivel into shapeless masses, which may be kept for years uninjured in the dried state. On being placed, after this long interval, in water they gradually plump up, resume their proper shape and move about in search of food just as if nothing had happened. Much the same is true for the minute worms which, from the substances in which they live, are known as paste and vinegar eels. Well known is the famous case of the desert snail which, retracted into its shell, was fastened to a tablet in the British museum and showed no sign of life for seven years. When one morning it was found crawling hungrily about the glass case that formed its prison.—Westminster Gazette.

Interrupted.

William Pannell, the president's negro messenger, who admits all callers to Secretary Carpenter's office, is a public speaker of parts. When the president was making his campaign for election he was frequently delayed in getting out of his car to the platform.

One morning he was kept unusually long, and when he got to the rear platform there was Pannell saying to the crowd:

"We are confronted with a monumental struggle between capital and labor, and, my fellow citizens"—But there the president took up the speech and finished it.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Permanently Cured.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, discussing at a dinner in Washington certain rulings of the international fisheries commission, said:

"The fish there get no chance. They have as hard a time of it as the whites in the interior of China."

"A Chinese druggist said to his clerk:

"'Didn't I see a foreign devil come out of here as I came down the street?'"

"'Yes, sir,' the clerk answered. 'He wanted a permanent cure for headache, and I sold him a bottle of rat poison.'"—Exchange.

Saluting With the Hat.

Before the invention of wigs the hat was rarely removed except to salute others, especially royal personages. It was worn at table when ladies or persons of rank were present. Except when saluting royalty it was the custom merely to raise the hand to the hat somewhat after the manner of a military salute. When it became the mode to wear a profusion of false hair the hat was less needed as a protection for the head and was carried under the arm.

A Retiary.

A retiary was the name of a Roman gladiator armed in a peculiar way. He was furnished with a trident and net, with no more covering than a short tunic, and with these implements he endeavored to entangle and dispatch his adversary, who was called a secutor (from sequi, to follow) and was armed with a helmet, a shield and a sword. The name of the first is pronounced as if spelled re-shi-a-ry, the accent on the first syllable.

Improving on Euclid.

The Pioneer of Allahabad tells stories of some "kindergarten" classes in the English army. Among the definitions given in an examination is one of a circle peculiarly happy, which gives a freshness to Euclid. It is, "A straight line which starts at a certain point and gets back to the same point as quickly as possible."

Your Chances.

The little chances linger and return, but the great chances come and go and never come again. If we could look back over the lives of the people by whom we are surrounded, how many great and rich opportunities would we see that they have permitted to drift by them unimproved!

A Line on Bjerkyns.

Lawson—What sort of man is Bjerkyns, anyway?

Dawson—Well, his wife always goes with him when he buys a suit of clothes.—Somerville Journal.

The Consultation.

"My wife always consults me about every article of attire she buys—frocks, hats, shoes, gloves, everything."

"My wife does, too—that is, she asks me for the money."

H. A. REED

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Total Assets - \$364,000

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Also Piece Work

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AGENT FOR CRAWFORD RANGES

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NORTHFIELD, MASS.

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WASH DAY

NOTIFY

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and have team call.

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\$2.00 Per Day

Weekly Rates on Application

FIRST-CLASS LIVERY CONNECTED

M. O. PERHAM, PROP.

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To Jan. 1, 1911, 75 Cents

THE WHITE ROSES.

By F. A. MITCHEL.
[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

"Edouard," said the countess, "it is high time that you desist from your studies for a long enough period to do the courting necessary to marriage."

"Why can't you attend to the matter for me, mother?" asked Edouard abstractedly.

"I would do so," replied the countess; "indeed, I have already taken steps in the right direction, but I can accomplish nothing without some effort on your part. I have applied in your name for the hand of Mlle. de Cateret. Her parents would be pleased with the match, but the young lady declares she will never marry a man whose fingers are perpetually stained with acids."

"Is she the elder or the younger sister?" asked the young man absently.

"The elder."

"Her name, I believe, is H2O—I mean Caroline."

"Oh, Edouard," exclaimed the countess, raising her hands and her eyes, "you are incorrigible! I do wish you would leave these chemicals for awhile and help me."

Edouard went to his mother, put his arms about her neck and kissed her. "Would you be satisfied, dear mamma," he asked, "if I give up one day to this work?"

"One day! Work! Mademoiselle needs to be courted."

"Is she romantic?"

"Very."

"You say she is religious?"

"Yes; hers is one of those guileless natures that refers every act to a higher power before making a decision."

"The dear creature!" said the young man. "I dare say I should love her devotedly. In us there are doubtless two currents. Could I but utilize them to advantage?"

"Edouard, what are you talking about?"

"Oh, yes, mamma; we were talking about marriage! Forgive me. I will do your bidding. I will go to mademoiselle."

"Caroline!"

"Caroline! And ask her to be your—I mean my wife."

The countess, fearing a relapse, sent at once for her son's hat and coat. He put them on, walked to the chateau of the De Caterets and sent up a card for mademoiselle. She came down becomingly dressed, but received him not very cordially. She knew why he had come and that it was at the instigation of his mother.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "permit me to offer you my hand and my heart."

"Your heart, monsieur?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. I am sure I shall love you devotedly. Just at present I am absorbed in working out a scientific problem. But this will not always be. Some day I may have time to woo."

"Monsieur!"

"Pardon! I will not speak further on the subject now. We are all in the hands of a higher power, and if that power intends that you shall be my wife he will give you a sign."

"I assure you, monsieur, that I shall require an unmistakable sign to induce me to marry a man who is so infatuated with a science that he has no time to woo a girl."

"Adieu, mademoiselle! I resign myself to the will of Providence."

That night the young lady prayed to the Virgin that if it was her will that her worshiper should marry the scientist she would give her a sign.

The next morning, Edouard called at the chateau with a dozen beautiful white roses.

"Mademoiselle," he said, with his hand on his heart and a pious expression of countenance, "last night I dreamed that the Virgin came to me and said: 'Pluck roses from your garden and take them to Mlle. de Cateret. If within a few hours after you give them to her they turn crimson she will become your wife. If, on the contrary, they are still white she will remain a maid and go into a convent.'"

Having said this, he placed the roses in her hand, bowed profoundly and walked away. After going a short distance he turned and saw her standing regarding the roses with the expression of a saint. The expectation that she would be his wife, taken together with the impressive picture, warmed his heart. Returning, he knelt before her, took her hand, kissed it, arose and resumed his walk to his own chateau.

In the Chateau de Cateret was a private chapel. Caroline took the roses there and placed them on the altar. She did not go to examine them till just before the set of sun, which sank in a blood red atmosphere. As Caroline stepped into the chapel she saw what she thought to be the sun's rays shining through a window on the roses. She went to them. It was not the sun's rays that colored them. They were really crimson.

Hearing a footstep behind her, she turned and saw Edouard. Approaching, he encircled her with his arms. She raised her eyes and her face to his, and he kissed her lips.

There at the altar they plighted their troth. But a change had come over the young man's heart as well as over his roses.

"Do you love me?" he asked wistfully.

"I do. It is the holy mother's will," she replied.

He did not tell her that the roses were originally red and he had bleached them white by holding them over a pan filled with smoking sulphur. In time they regained their original color.

LAND CRABS.

Queer Creatures That Roam In Forests Far From the Sea.

One of the commonest and the largest of the Christmas Island land crabs is the well known robber crab, which is found in most of the tropical islands of the Indian and Pacific oceans. It sometimes reaches a length of two feet and may measure seven inches across the back. Its colors are of a very gaudy description, the ground color being a bright red, upon which there are stripes of yellow, but in some cases a purplish blue is the prevailing tint.

The eyes are fixed on stalks which can be moved independently of one another, and there are two pairs of feelers, one long, the other short. The latter pair are continually jerked up and down. There is a pair of powerful claws, then several walking legs. In general appearance these animals are much more like rather stout lobsters than crabs, and one's first encounter with one of these creatures in the middle of a forest far from the sea is productive of much astonishment on both sides.

Another species of land crab common in Christmas Island is a little bright red animal which in general shape is much like the common shore crab. This variety makes burrows in the ground, and in some places the soil is honeycombed with hundreds of holes. The crabs spend most of their time collecting dead leaves, which they carry in their claws, holding them up over their heads and drag down into their burrows, into which they scuttle at the least alarm.—Pearson's Magazine.

DR. JOHNSON.

He Never Said a Word About Taking a Walk Down Fleet Street.

The wit and wisdom of that great man Dr. Johnson were of the sledgehammer order and invariably preceded by "sir," so that it is comparatively easy for any one who has acquired the trick to invent a retort or remark in the Johnsonian style. One of the most effective of these pseudo sayings of the doctor is, "And now, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "we will take a walk down Fleet street." There can be but little doubt that Dr. Johnson did make this remark, for he was always walking down Fleet street, but it is not recorded that he did so. The saying is due to George Augustus Sala, who when the magazine Temple Bar was being started by Mr. Maxwell imagined a quotation from Boswell as a motto for the venture. The thing was intended as a joke, but for a long while it was absolutely believed to be a quotation from Boswell, and perhaps there are still some who would say unhesitatingly that Dr. Johnson did say the words, so seemingly authentic are they. However, Sala himself always acknowledged that he invented the phrase and added that to the best of his knowledge and belief Dr. Johnson had never said a word about taking a walk down Fleet street. There are other legends about Johnson, however, which it is not so easy to kill.—London Globe.

Salt as a Medicine.

I have in the past seven or eight years found the advantage of putting a little salt in all the water I drink. I also put a little salt, with sugar and milk, in every cup of tea, coffee or cocoa I use.

I have been a resident in the tropics for over forty years and except for a sprained ankle have not had occasion to call in a doctor or to take any medicine in the last thirty years. I believe every one's health in the tropics would be very much better if he used more salt. I find the benefit of drinking a tumbler of cold water with a little salt in it every morning on rising at about 5 o'clock, before my bath or cup of cocoa, which I usually take between 5:30 and 6.

If people could be induced to try the easy and cheap method of taking a little common salt with the water they drink they would in the generality of cases find that they would seldom require other medicine.—F. N. Burn in Chambers' Journal.

Poisonous Gas Geyser.

In the midst of the great faunal wilderness near Nairobi, Africa, is a big blowhole in the earth issuing poisonous gases. Surrounding this hole for many yards are piled bones of dead animals poisoned by this gas geyser. Dogs dragged by ropes over the hole were killed in less than a minute. The gas has been found to be hydrochloric, coming from some volcanic depth. The death trap has been fenced and billed with warnings.—New York Press.

A MISSING SAFE KEY

By BEVERLY WORTHINGTON.
[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

"Great heavens!"

Mr. Purbeck Jones, who made this exclamation, had entered his office in Lombard street, London, at 10 o'clock in the morning, laid aside his hat and cane, gone to his safe and stood with a hand in his right pocket. He was white as a sheet.

"Anything wrong, sir?" asked his chief clerk, anxiously approaching his employer.

There was no reply. He neither saw nor heard the speaker. Finally he asked faintly:

"At what hour does the Indian mail leave?"

"At noon, sir."

"Then it is impossible."

"What is impossible?"

Still Mr. Jones paid no attention to what was said to him.

"Rush a messenger to Strecher's to send his best workmen here on the jump to open this safe."

In another moment one of the clerks was in a cab, the cabman lashing his horse on the way to the Strecher Safe and Lock company.

Purbeck Jones, an English millionaire and railroad contractor, had taken a contract to build the Malwar line in central India and in the venture had staked all his possessions. He was required to give security amounting to £2,000,000 to cover loss by the railway syndicate. This sum must be in negotiable bonds and other securities and delivered on or before May 9, 1891. Even the wealthy Purbeck Jones found it difficult to raise the money for so large a transaction. He, however, succeeded in gradually collecting the securities, which he preferred to deposit in his own safe to that of a deposit company.

On the morning of the sailing of the Indian mail he went to his office to dispatch the securities under a special guard to India. Feeling in his pocket where he expected to find his safe keys, they were not there. He had left them in his country place, Harwood, just outside Carlisle, and to get them in time to open the safe before the steamer sailed was impossible. Missing the mail would prevent his delivering the securities before the expiration of the time limit.

Before long a cab dashed up to the office, and two workmen, each with a bag of tools in his hand, jumped out and entered the office.

"I've securities in that vault," said Mr. Jones, "that must go off on the Indian mail at 12 noon. Open the safe in time to get them on the steamer and I'll give you £500 each."

The sum was a small fortune for a workman. Each thought of the wife and bairns at home and the comforts he could give them with so large a sum.

The fastest horse that could be procured was brought and stood at the door ready to transfer a messenger with the securities to the steamer the moment they could be taken from the safe. Mr. Jones stood over the workmen watch in hand noting the lapse of time, trembling like a leaf, his heart beating wildly. On their success or failure hung either continued wealth or ruin to him. He had made the biggest contract any man had ever undertaken, and its loss would render him hopelessly bankrupt.

He hung on the expression of the workmen's faces. When they succeeded in some important step, boring through a hard plate or cutting a rivet, he had hope. But if their tools proved softer than the steel or after cutting their way in they found unexpected obstacles he feared the worst.

Eleven o'clock came, and they had succeeded in getting only so far as through the outer plates that protected the lock. At half past 11 they found that they were still obliged to cut through as much as they had already accomplished to reach the machinery that shot the bolts, and then they would need considerable time to shoot them. At a quarter of 12, after whispering to each other, they turned to Mr. Jones and announced their failure.

Jones sank back into a chair and covered his face with his hands. A panorama of his life passed before him—his early struggles to get a start, his first successes, the great contract that made him a rich man, the years since, during which he had been a millionaire. The man who had climbed the ladder of wealth to the top round saw all this, saw ruin staring him in the face and groaned.

The workmen, equally disappointed, gathered up their tools and silently passed out. The clerks resumed their positions on their desk stools, but only to pretend to work. All knew that a blow had struck the man for whom they worked, and each was thinking where he would find another situation.

Presently Mr. Jones recovered himself so far as to send a messenger by the steamer he expected to dispatch the securities to announce the reason of his failure to do so and ask an extension of time. But he knew it would not be granted. Nor was it. The contract on which he had made so many figures, such preparations, expenditures, passed out of his hands. And

why? Because before leaving his country place an apparently trivial act had slipped his memory.

Jones went into bankruptcy. The fall of his fortunes was too much for his brain. Perhaps it was the very trifling cause that led to such an important result. One can conceive of a person's mind getting on such a matter and staying there till it produced monomania. At any rate, Purbeck Jones not long after his failure died in a lunatic asylum.

An Effective Alarm.

Flannigan had been discharged from the artillery and went to live in a cottage in his native village. One day he left on a week's visit to some distant relatives, and a day later the village constable was standing at his door when he heard the sudden boom of the rusty cannon Flannigan had mounted on his front hedge.

An instant later a brick whizzed past the constable's ear and smashed his door to smithereens.

The indignant officer, followed by the populace, rushed to Flannigan's cottage and found it still tenantless, but showing signs of recent burglary.

When Flannigan returned the next week he heard the news and was delighted.

"O! prepared for burglars afore O! went away," he said, "by thrainin' the gun on yer front door, constable, and connectin' it by secret wires to the doors and windles and loading it wid a brick. An' it hit the door slap in the middle? Bedad, O! wasn't a gun-layer in the artillery for nothin'!"—Pearson's Weekly.

HIS VERY WORDS.

The Property Man Cheerfully Quoted Them to Beerbohm Tree.

Beerbohm Tree, the English actor, had a comical experience on his first appearance as the corpulent Falstaff. In the last act he had arranged that Falstaff, disconcerted by gibes and buffets of the fairies in Windsor forest, should make one herculean effort to climb the oak tree. The pegs that were to serve as supports for that tree were always conspicuous by their absence. On the morning before the performance Mr. Tree was told they should positively be fixed on the tree. The morning came, but with it no pegs. Eloquence was stifled; even invective faltered. He pointed to the tree and with the calm of despair blurted out to the defaulter, "No pegs!"

Such an ejaculation, spoken more in borrow than in anger, would, he hoped, appeal to that last remnant of conscience which even the papier mache bosom of a property man might be supposed to retain. In the evening there was a dress rehearsal, but still no pegs could be seen. Mr. Tree's form quivered—beneath the padding—with pentup emotions, and in a torrent of passion and a voice shaken by righteous wrath he exclaimed:

"Where are those pegs?"

"Pegs—pegs!" exclaimed the property master, with exasperating affability. "Why, guv'nor, what was your words to me this morning? 'No pegs.' And there ain't none."—London Tit-Bits.

WATER EXPERTS.

Feats of Diving That Are Performed by Swedish Swimmers.

The Swedes delight in "combination diving," and two men will perform many clever feats together. One of the most grotesque of these is when one man stands upright on a spring-board and tightly clasps another man's body round the waist, holding him head downward and putting his own head through the man's legs. When the upright man springs from the board he throws his legs into the air so that the two men, clasping each other tightly round the waist, turn a somersault, and when they reach the water the man who started upside down arrives feet foremost.

The handspring dive is a very effective specialty of Swedish swimmers. The performer takes off from the diving board with hands instead of feet, turning his body in order to descend feet foremost or somersaulting to arrive head downward.

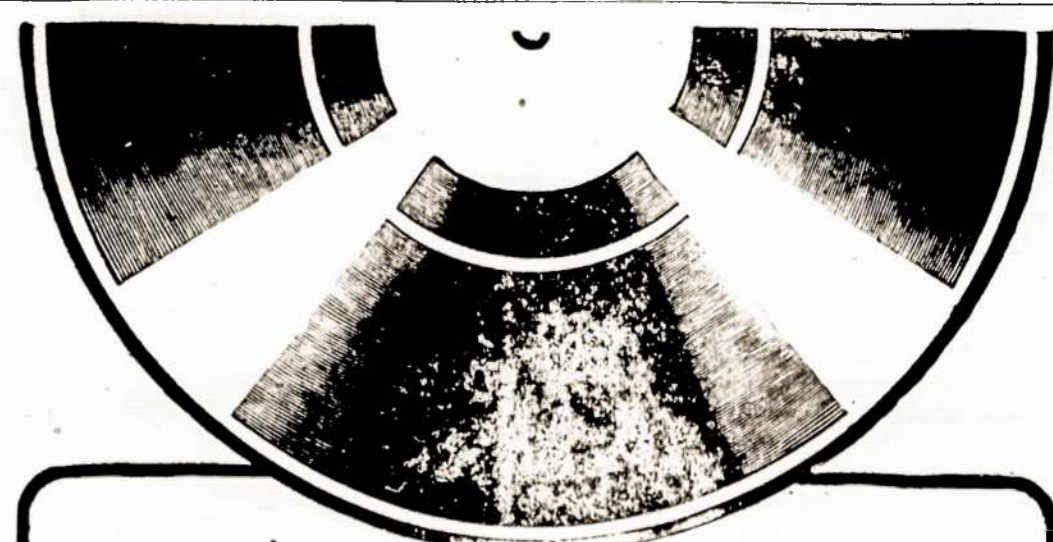
Very graceful also is the back dive, in which the spring is made backward, the body turning toward the spring-board.

Double somersault dives are made from platforms thirty to fifty feet high, the diver making two turns in the air and entering the water feet foremost.—London Saturday Review.

Indication.

The Unsuccessful Counsel—I'm very "Jack" sorry I could not do more for you, my man. The Prisoner—Ho! Don't apologize, old sport. Five years is enough.

"Is that a college girl lunching with 'Think so. Heard her say, 'Gosh, the lobster is bully!'"—Browning's Magazine.



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The Columbia Phonograph Company owns the original patents covering the making of modern records. They use materials that no other maker can secure. They employ processes that they absolutely control. They operate the largest factory in its line in the world. If organization counts for anything, if system means anything, if constant invention and experiment are worth considering, Columbia Records ought to be beyond comparison—and they are! Finest tone, longest life, widest choice. Come in and listen.

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NORTHFIELD PRESS



TOO SMART.

By HARRY C. ERNEST.
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Captain Andrew Baldwin of the cavalry, tired and hungry—he had been engaged in a duty involving much effort and exposure—entered the mess room, unhooked his saber, stood it in a corner, took a seat at the table and called for a servant to bring him some refreshment. The captain was catered of the mess, and a very efficient caterer. When a luncheon had been set before him he called the servant who placed it there.

"Julius, did you order the supplies?"

"Yes, sir."

"Any one been to my quarters to see me today?"

"Major Leadbeater. He was here to see you this mornin', sir."

"Did he say why he called?"

"No, sir; he didn't say nothin' 'bout what he wanted to see you fo', sir, but it must 'a' been somepin very particular, fo' he waited some time fo' you, sir."

"Waited, did he?"

"Yes, sir; he waited in the room out there."

"How long did he wait?"

"Must 'a' been 'bout half an hour, sir."

"Half an hour! What did he do with himself all that time?"

"Well, sir, I dunno what he did with himself all de time, but once when I was goin' past de winder outside I looked in here in de mess room, and I sor him measurin' de legs of de mess table."

"What?"

The captain was about to put a piece of meat into his mouth, but he stopped his fork a few inches from his chin and stared at the dandy.

"He was measurin' de legs ob de table, sar."

"What with?"

"A yaller tapeline."

The captain laid down his knife and fork, leaned back in his chair, put his hands in his pockets, puckered up his lips and gave a low whistle.

There was no change in his position for full ten minutes, when without regard to his unfinished luncheon he arose from the table, took up his sword, hat and coat and left the mess-room. Going over to the officers' club, he found several men playing billiards and then and there entered into secret conference with them. The results of that conference will appear later.

A few days after this Captain Baldwin strolled over to the quarters of the infantry, where he met Major Leadbeater.

"Hello, major!" he said. "Heard you were over to my quarters the other day. Sorry I wasn't there. Anything special?"

"Oh, no! I was around your way with nothing to do and thought I might as well drop in."

"Well, try again. By the bye, can't you dine at our mess some evening this week?"

"I don't mind."

At the dinner the officers comprising the mess were present to a man. During the coffee and the smoking, when all were feeling comfortable after a good meal and plenty of wine, Major Leadbeater, who was a great hand at making odd wagers, asked one of the officers how high he thought the clock was from the floor. The officer named a height, whereupon Leadbeater offered to bet him a small sum that it was a certain other figure. The bet was taken, and Leadbeater lost. Several other similar bets were made by those present, when Leadbeater proposed a pool as to the height of the table at which they were sitting.

There was no difficulty in getting the officers into the pool. Indeed, every man took the chance allotted him. Then Leadbeater made a number of side bets. He had come to the dinner after having cashed his pay accounts in advance and had plenty of money. The figure he named was three feet two and one-eighth inches. The other figures named ranged from three feet and three-quarter inches to three feet one and a quarter inches.

When the bets were all made the colonel and the chaplain came in together—just to smoke a cigar with the youngsters—and the colonel, knowing of the pool, asked to be permitted to take a chance. But the chances were all taken, so he asked if any one would make a side bet with him. Leadbeater remarked that he would were it not that all his ready cash was staked. The colonel offered to accept his I. O. U. in lieu of a stake, and Leadbeater took him for \$50. The chaplain, too, remarked that he had never made a bet before in his life, but he wouldn't mind taking something on his guess. But no one would make any side bet with him.

When the funds had all been put in the stakeholder's hands the quartermaster was called on to measure the height of the table. Procuring a tape-line, he proceeded with the work amid suppressed excitement and many glances at one another among those whose money was at risk. Finally, with his thumb on a point in the tape indicating the table's height, he held the tape up to the light and announced:

"Three feet one and a quarter inches!"

"There's a mistake there!" cried Leadbeater and checked himself. "Measure it yourself," said the quartermaster.

Leadbeater took the tape, made the measurement and turned pale.

"I've lost," he said as calmly as was possible under the circumstances.

That ended Major Leadbeater's money making by bets. An inch had been sawed off the legs of the table.

HIS THOROUGHbred.

A Deal the Horseman Put Through on the Dead Quiet.

A man known roundabout as a lover and possessor of fine horses was lately driving one of his favorite steeds along a suburban road when he came upon another horse lover, almost as well known, who was driving in the opposite direction. Seemingly pleased to meet each other, both drew up alongside.

"I heard only yesterday that you'd gone away and brought back a new thoroughbred," greeted the second horseman.

"Yep," gleefully returned the first horseman; "I'm just after leaving her back home while I give this horse a little spin for his liver."

"Think she'll suit?" asked the second man, squinting good humoredly.

"Well, you know my style, old man. She can step along in the best class, and she's got a pedigree eclipsing any around here."

"How long have you had her?"

"Just four days," answered the first horseman in the same gleeful tone, "but I've had my eyes on her for some time back."

"Carried this deal through a little on the quiet, didn't you?"

"Yep," laughed the first man, with a head shake of satisfaction.

"Is she a record breaker?"

"Sure thing; wouldn't have any other. Wait—till yop fellows get a glimpse of her, and if you don't agree that I've still got my eyes for winners I'll eat the tail off that horse there."

Suddenly the second horseman leaned over toward his friend and thrust out his hand in palpable earnestness.

"Accept my congratulations," said he, "and also give 'em to your—your thoroughbred."

"I will!" heartily returned the other man, gripping the proffered fist. "Be sure to come in and see us," he added as his friend prepared to drive on.

"I know she'll be tickled to meet a friend of mine; she isn't too high hitched for that, old man. That's her winning quality. She's a wife fit for a horse judge!"—Detroit Free Press.

That Beef Boycott.

Now there comes the startling rumor that the ultimate consumer, in a grim and surely humor, rising up his piece to speak,

Says, b'jings, he's getting tired, the commandment has expired, and no longer he's required to present the other cheek!

So with gracious condescension you will kindly give attention while he makes his little mention of his purpose, which, in brief,

Is to make a speedy trial of a bit of self denial and, despite the trust's denial, quit the vice of eating beef!

—Chicago Tribune.

She Understood.

She looked at the well filled shelves. "Are all these new books?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"And how many are really worth reading?"

"Madam," he replied, "do you ask me as a bookseller or as a friend?"

She looked at him and understood and went away empty handed.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dictionary Lore.

"Poison" and "potion" are doublets, the former being an older form of the latter. Both are derived from the Latin "potare," to drink, and "poison" in its original sense signified merely something to drink.

While the word "human" used as meaning "a human being" is now only colloquial or humorous, Lowell in the introduction to the "Biglow Papers" chided Bartlett for including it in his "Dictionary of Americanisms" and remarked that it was Chapman's habitual phrase in his translation of Homer and that it is found also in the old play of "The Hog Hath Lost His Pearl."—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

A Flame Combination.

If a small quantity of chlorate of potash be powdered and mixed with an equal quantity of powdered sugar a candle may be lighted by means of the mixture without matches.

Place a little of it in the depression around the wick of a candle that has been previously used and then touch the mixture with a glass rod the end of which has been dipped in oil of vitriol. It will burst into flame, lighting the candle.

An Evasive Answer.

"We dined at Mrs. Crankleigh's last night."

"I suppose you had a good dinner."

"Well, we found out that Mrs. Crankleigh is an active member of the society for boycotting all the high priced foodstuffs."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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THE BILLBOARD EVIL

Montclair (N. J.) Society Fighting to Eliminate Advertising Posters.

The Mountain society, devoted to bettering conditions in the northern portion of the town of Montclair, N. J., is making it known to the merchants thereabout that if they want the custom of its members they must advertise in a seemly way. And this, they say, is not via the billboard. The society has issued this statement:

"There is no legal way to prevent the erection of such signs on private property or to cause their removal after they are erected, but the community has in its hands an effective method of making them worthless by refusing to buy goods so advertised. No advertiser will spend his money on such displays when it is well understood that the community which he seeks to interest in his goods is averse to that kind of advertising."

And these reformers go further still. They are sending out cards with the statement, "I am opposed to the erection of signs for advertising purposes in Upper Montclair, and the policy of my family is not to buy goods advertised in that manner." This statement the society requests its members to sign and return.

Twenty-five Years of It.

"Why do people have silver weddings, pa?"

"Just to show to the world what their powers of endurance have been."—Judge.

Fate's Differences.

In life some fearful contrasts lurk. Each has its own position.

Some men are born to go to work And some to go a-fishing.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

Love—Its Way.

"Do you think love goes where it's sent?"

"Yes, if properly expressed."—Judge.

Conundrums.

Why can a blind man always see his father? Because the father is always apparent (a parent).

When are books and houses alike? When they have stories in them.

CALENDARS AND DIARIES.

Northfield Illustrated Calendar for 1910, on sheets 14x11 inches, a separate leaf for each month. 40 cents (postage 10 cents extra).

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Also an assortment of sheet, drop and pad calendars, from a few cents up.

Standard diaries for 1910.

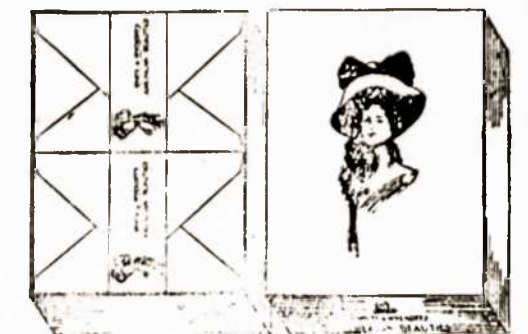
Diary edition of TEXT FOR TODAY, 35 cents.

D. L. Moody Year Book, 75 cents.

STATIONERY.

Paper and envelopes in holly boxes, 25 cents up.

Engraved "Northfield" and "East Northfield" paper, 25 cents a box.



"American Beauties" superior quality paper and envelopes, only 25 cents per box, as long as they last!

Desk pads, inkstands, perpetual calendars, pen-knives, etc.

Sealing wax in holly boxes, 25 cts.

Standard boxed paper and envelopes from 10 cts. up, and of tablets and pads in all sizes and prices.

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THREE-HOUR DRINK BILL

Bibulous Citizens Will Be Glad to Hear That It Is Killed

Boston, Feb. 6.—The bill which sets the limit on drinks to one every three hours met an unsympathetic death yesterday in the committee on liquor law. There was no division in the committee over the matter.

It was an unanimous vote that one drink every three hours is a cruel and an unusual punishment to inflict upon the bibulous citizens of the commonwealth.

Seeks Heart Balm From Farmer

Providence, Feb. 8.—A suit for \$50,000 for alleged breach of promise of marriage was filed in the superior court by Annie L. Ballou of Cumberland against Joseph B. Cook, a farmer of that town.

Money to Prosecute White Slavery

New York, Feb. 6.—The board of estimate voted the appropriation of \$25,000 asked by District Attorney Whitman for the work of investigating the "white slave" traffic.



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FOR SALE—200 egg Cyphers Incubator. Price \$10.00.
Alvin George, Northfield, Mass.

FOR SALE—Three-beam, two-horse sled, new. W. T. Campbell, blacksmith, Mill St.

FOR SALE—One second-hand Single Sleigh, in good repair. Inquire of Philip Porter, Northfield Livery.

FOR SALE—Farm of 140 acres, 1 1/4 miles north of Auditorium, good house, large barns, apple orchard, 200 sugar maples, 8 cows, Guernsey bull, 10 calves, 12 hogs, 25 hens. Price, \$2,800. Elliott W. Brown, Northfield, Mass.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

FRANKLIN, SS. CASE 16,037. PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of AMOS D. ELMER, late of Northfield, in said County, deceased.

Whereas, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court for probate, by Marietta E. Elmer of said Northfield, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Greenfield, in said County of Franklin, on the third Tuesday of March A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Northfield Press, a newspaper published in said Northfield, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, FRANCIS M. THOMPSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

FRANCIS M. THOMPSON, Register.
3w35

Warwick.

Leslie Brewer spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whitman.

There will be a ten-cent supper at the Unitarian church Tuesday night.

The Sunday night meeting at the Unitarian church has been discontinued.

A large number of townspeople took supper at the 'Inn' Tuesday night.

Myron Shepardson is staying with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Baxter Worden, for a few weeks.

George F. Callister, principal of the Montague Agricultural High School, was the guest of Rev. John Graham Saturday.

Warren Whitman, who has been learning the carpenter's trade under his uncle at Beverly, has returned to his home.

Royal Goldsbury, a frequent visitor in town, is now living and working in Pittsburg, Penn., instead of in New York, as formerly.

The many friends of Mrs. Rena Metcalf, niece of Miss A. M. Goldsbury will be sorry to learn that one of the children is sick with scarlet fever.

Sam Hastings, our veteran town clerk, who has been confined to the house by a severe cold, we are pleased to notice is again able to be out.

On account of the illness of Miss Sanderson, Miss Emily Foster of Leyden, is teaching the primary room. Miss Foster spent the week end as the guest of Miss Margaret Graham.

The sleighride, which the children's classes in the Unitarian Sunday School were to have had to the fair at Northfield Thursday night, was postponed until Tuesday, on account of the snow storm.

Charlie Morse, who has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. George Manning has gone to work in Bernardston. Word has been received from his brother, John, who has been among the U. S. troops in the Philippines, that his company is on the way to Arizona.

The Fortnightly

Owing to unfavorable weather, there was a small attendance at the Fortnightly meeting Monday afternoon to profit by the excellent program on French Literature through the 18th century, which was presented by Mrs. Lizzie Caldwell and her associates. The meeting was opened with Current Events, and nearly everyone had some news item of interest to offer. Miss Delphine Lazelle rendered a piano solo, after which Mrs. Caldwell read a paper, on French Literature, which was illustrated by Miss Pauline Sykes, who read selections from songs of Poland and the ballads of the Troubadours. Mrs. Lazelle read an interesting paper on the Literary Women of France. Mrs. Maud Walker was unable to be present, but had prepared a splendid paper on Voltaire, which was read by Mrs. Nellie M. Wood, and also a fine paper on Rousseau, which Mrs. Frances Moody read. The next meeting of the Fortnightly will occur on Tuesday afternoon, March 8th.

Another Raid at Whately.

Acting on a search warrant issued by the District Court on complaint of F. E. Wells and D. F. Hamilton, Deputy Sheriff J. B. Bridges and Constables L. A. Arms and W. S. Sanderson of South Deerfield visited the Maplewood Hotel at East Whately between 4 and 5 o'clock last Saturday afternoon, and proceeded to make a thorough search from cellar to attic for contraband goods. They knew that stuff had been sent to the hotel, but were unable to find anything until by chance four bottles of lager were found in a bed between a blanket and mattress. Nellie Lawler of Springfield was lying on the bed with a covering thrown over her. She was dressed, but showed a strong disinclination to get up. Four or five bulldogs of choice breed were in the room, but did no violence to the officers beyond barking. Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer of the hotel were absent at the time. The clerk and general utility man, Arthur Page, claimed H. Ierkens of Springfield was now running the hotel, although the officers were inclined to regard Mr. Perkins as a mythical personage so far as his connection with the hotel is concerned.—SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

The English potato crop for the year 1900 averaged 238 bushels per acre as against an average in the United States of about 105 bushels. It is well to remember, too, in this connection that the English average was secured on lands which have been tilled for 700 or 800 years, while here the land has not been cultivated on an average sixty or seventy years. There ought to be a suggestion in these figures for the American agriculturist.

Wind and Rain.

The wind never blows unless rain or snow is falling within 1,000 miles of you.

NEXT WEEK!

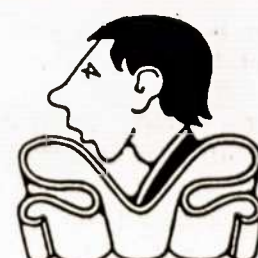
CONTINUING NEXT WEEK we will sell whole boxes of Engraved Stationery - "Northfield" and "East Northfield" for 20 CENTS.

OTHER GOODS AT BARGAIN PRICES



WISE OR FOOLISH

We don't know; but we offer



THE "PRESS" - next week - TO JAN. 1, 1911
FOR ONLY 75 CENTS

Northfield Press



Something New In Kitchen Ware

The "1892" Pure Spun Aluminum Ware is rapidly coming into use for cooking purposes. It is taking the place of agate and enamel ware because while its first cost is a trifle more than ordinary ware, it is really much cheaper in the long run, as it is guaranteed for twenty-five years and will last practically a life time.

The genuine "1892" Ware, made only from pure SPUN (not cast) Aluminum, will not crack, scale, peel, break, scorch or burn.

It looks like silver but weighs only about one-quarter as much, is easily cleaned and handled, and will not rust, corrode or tarnish. Absolutely pure, non-poisonous and wholesome; saves money, time and doctor's bills.

Be sure you get the original and genuine ware stamped with the Maltese Cross. At your dealers.

GEO. N. KIDDER & CO.



Steamship Tickets

BY ANY OF THE PRINCIPAL Transatlantic Lines

Geo. R. Witte
NORTHFIELD

Continental trips arranged as Tourist may select

NOTICE

I will be at my office on and after Friday, March 4th 1910.

Charles H. Webster
Northfield, Mass.

Filling Washy Places in Fields.
If there is no other trash on the farm for filling washy places in the fields, straw manure from stables is excellent. The straw will fill the places and catch and hold all of the soil that washes into them. The manure in the straw will help to make the ground more productive when it is again cultivated. Never plow in a gully with fresh dirt without some thrashy or brushy filling to hold it and catch more.

Eagle Safety Shaving Set



No \$5.00 Safety Razor on the market can equal this magnificent Shaving Set. The blades are made from the finest Sheffield hardened steel. We will furnish free of charge this Shaving Set with every Suit or Overcoat order selected from our Spencer and Tracy Fall and Winter samples. On such orders profit sharing certificates will not be accepted.

C. C. STEARNS
WEBSTER BLOCK

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Coffee

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Give them a trial
GROCERIES & PASTRY
Fruit and Candies
Butternuts 25 Cents a Peck.



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Elmer's Balm

Subscribe for the PRESS

Improvement Coming.
Enraged Creditor—I've had enough of mounting all these stairs every day to collect this bill.
Debtor—Well, I can tell you a piece of news that will please you. After tomorrow I'm going to live in the basement.—Pete Mele.